

NEW
SERIES

DECEMBER

VOL.
7

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM
YEAR TO YEAR"

All the Year Round

a
Weekly Journal

CONDUCTED BY

CHARLES DICKENS

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED

"HOUSEHOLD WORDS"

PART 37.

PRICE
FIFTEENPENCE.

1871

LONDON
26, WELLINGTON ST.
STRAND.

For
157 to 161

CONTENTS OF PART XXXVII.

No. CLVII.		PAGE
CARTAWAY. Book III.		
Chapter I. Father and Son	1	6
Tommy's Child	10	10
Designor Development	12	12
An Autumn Dawn	13	13
Geoffrey Luttrell's Narrative. In Eleven Chapters.	13	13
Chapter IX.	18	18
No. CLVIII.		
CARTAWAY. Book III.		
Chapter II. Confronted	25	25
Bones Written in Prison	30	30
A Cuban Convict	33	33
The Heron	36	36
Old London Re-told	38	38
Six Years in a Canvas Boat	38	38
Geoffrey Luttrell's Narrative. In Eleven Chapters.	42	42
Chapter X.	42	42
Chapter XI.	44	44
CLIX.		
THE WICKED WOODS OF TORRESEVIL.		
Chapter I. How they were Planted	49	49
Chapter II. Simon's Sweethearts	51	51
Chapter III. Felix	54	54
Nobles	55	55
Forest Names	58	58
A Black Frost	61	61
The Blackbottle Fly. A French Art Student's Story.	61	61
In Four Chapters. Chapter I.	61	61
CARTAWAY. Book III.		
Chapter III. The Cipher Telegram	67	67

No. CLIX.		PAGE
THE WICKED WOODS OF TORRESEVIL.		
Chapter IV. Life and Death	72	72
Chapter V. The Heir to the Woods	77	77
The White Wish of Combe Andrew	79	79
Reflux	84	84
The Blackbottle Fly. A French Art Student's Story.	84	84
In Four Chapters. Chapter II.	84	84
Bold Robin Hood	88	88
CARTAWAY. Book III.		
Chapter IV. Visitors	93	93
No. CLXI.		
THE WICKED WOODS OF TORRESEVIL.		
Chapter VI. Miss March makes a Promise	97	97
Chapter VII. Trying to be Mischievous	100	100
Legends of the Kiffhäuser	101	101
The Two Thrushes	102	102
The Blackbottle Fly. A French Art Student's Story.	102	102
In Four Chapters. Chapter III.	104	104
An Hour of Agency	113	113
CARTAWAY. Book III.		
Chapter V. The Next Day	116	116
THE EXTRA CHRISTMAS NUMBER.		
SLAVES OF THE LAMP.		
The Lamp and its Slaves	1	1
In His Confessional	14	14
The Signor John	14	14
The Last Tenants of Haugman's House	24	24
The Heavenly Twins	21	21
The Iron Cage	26	26
Pace to Pace	42	42
The Lamp's Things	43	43

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocos, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills."—*Civil Service Gazette.*

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S
(BREAKFAST)
COCO A.

Each Packet is Labelled—

JAMES EPPS & CO., HOMOEOPATHIC CHEMISTS.

J. C. & J. FIELD'S NEW PATENT AND OTHER CANDLES, NIGHT LIGHTS, AND TOILET SOAPS.

OZOKERIT—Patented.—This well-known Candle gives the most brilliant light, and from its hardness is specially adapted for ball Rooms, &c. &c.

SPERMACEIN AND COMPOSITION, OR TRANS-PARENT WAX CANDLES.—These beautiful Candles, the latter used by Her Majesty, distinguished by their soft light and steady burning, still maintain in spite of the numerous competing varieties introduced of late, their high position amongst the upper classes, and can be had either with plain, or patent self-fitting ends as desired.

SELF-FITTING.—These admirable Candles are yearly in increasing demand, and are supplied as heretofore, in Spermacein, Paraffine, Petro-Stearine, and also in Chamber Candles 12 in a box.

WEDGE-FITTING.—The trouble and danger of paper are avoided by the use of these patented Candles. Under the name of the "Westminster Wedge Candles," they are supplied as follows:—

Transparent Paraffine, } 6's, 8's, and 12's
Hard white and glossy Stearine, } to lb only.
Composites of all qualities.

AND
Chamber Candles, 12 candles in a box.

NON-GUTTERING CANDLES.—The tendency to gutter greatly lessened,—are sold as follows:—The Channelled Candles, yellow; the Fluted Candles, clear, in boxes of 18, 24 and 36 candles each, and the Cable Candles, white, in boxes of 12, 18 and 24 candles each. The Candles varying in size, each box of the same quality, is sold at the same price.

The **AERATED CANDLES** have longitudinal internal channels for the prevention of guttering, and into these external air is introduced, adding brilliancy to the flame. Sold in boxes of 12, 18 and 24 candles each, varying in size, and the same price each box.

NIGHT LIGHTS.—Certainty and regularity. OGLEY'S STAR NIGHT LIGHTS as a rule burn their time and give a good light.

TOILET SOAPS.—The well-known UNITED SERVICE TABLETS in general use through the United Kingdom, the Colonies, and British Settlements throughout the world.

The **SPERMACEIN TABLET** possesses valuable emollient properties and is exquisitely perfumed.

J. C. & J. FIELD'S
NEW PATENT AND OTHER CANDLES, NIGHT LIGHTS, AND TOILET SOAPS,
May be obtained of all Dealers throughout the United Kingdom.

The Trade alone supplied, but Messrs. FIELD will be happy to supply consumers with any information as to the special qualities of their goods, and with the names of their nearest vendors.

PAGE	
73
77
79
84
81
83
88
97
100
104
107
109
113
116

1
14
24
31
36
43
45

STS.

APS.

Agency to
annulled
of 13, 24
in boxes
in size,
SE.

Internal
to these
the flame,
g in size,

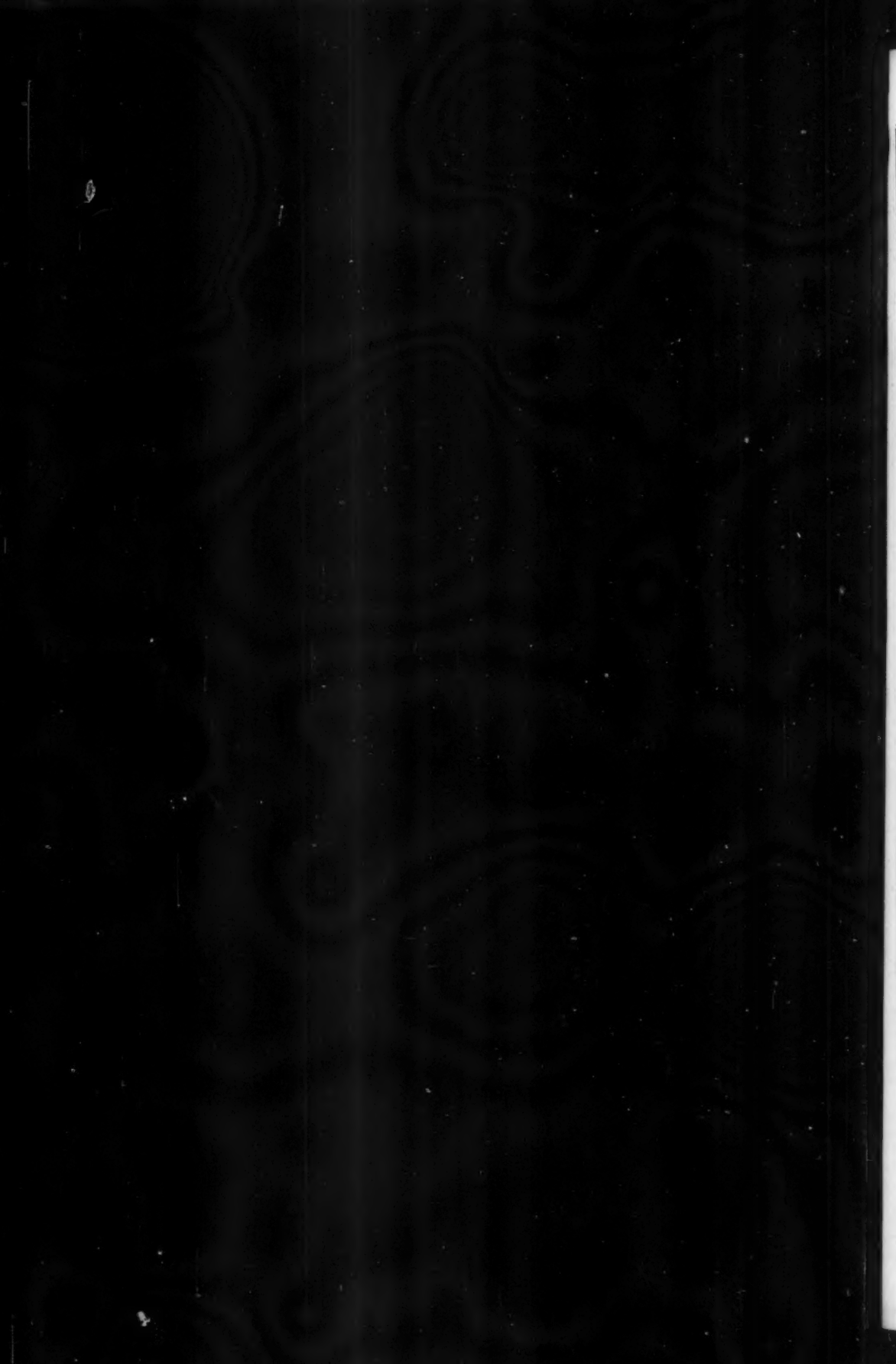
HELY'S
and give a

SERVICE
rdom, the
erid.

valuable

OAPS,

s to the



ALL THE YEAR ROUND ADVERTISER.

FOR GOUT, RHEUMATISM & RHEUMATIC GOUT.

SIMCO'S GOUT AND RHEUMATIC PILLS

ARE A CERTAIN AND SAFE REMEDY.

They restore tranquillity to the nerves, give tone to the stomach, and strength to the whole system. No other medicine can be compared to these excellent Pills, as they prevent the disorder from attacking the stomach or head, and have restored thousands from pain and misery to health and comfort.

Sold by all Medicine Vendors, at 1s. 1½d. or 2s. 9d. per box.

Fry's Caracas Cocoa

"It is the very finest Cocoa ever offered to the public."—*Court Circular*.

"No more delicious, refreshing, nourishing, and wholesome beverage has ever been manufactured."—*Morning Post*.

"A most delicious and valuable article."

"A packet can easily be obtained, and its delicate flavour and fine aroma, ensure its adoption as a beverage for breakfast or supper."—*Standard*.

FRY'S
COCOA PASTE & MILK
only requires to be mixed with boiling water to produce a delicious cup of Cocoa.

CHLORALUM

THE

HOUSEHOLD DISINFECTANT.

HARMLESS AS COMMON SALT.—SAFE, ODOURLESS, AND NON-POISONOUS.

CHLORALUM, CHLORALUM POWDER, AND CHLORALUM WOOL
are active deodorisers, and invaluable in 'stamping out' fevers.

CHLORALUM

Is the most active and harmless purifier for babies' feeding bottles, beer casks, dairy utensils, &c. CHLORALUM has been found to remove bad smells, which are not readily attacked by other deodorisers. A newly-painted room or house is rendered habitable by the suspension of cloths dipped in Chloralum, or the exposure of basins containing the liquid. Moreover, Chloralum removes the strong odour of onions, garlic, and other agents, which sometimes affects the sweetness of cupboards, meat-safes, larders, and other places in dwellings.

CHLORALUM is sold in quarts, 2s.; pints, 1s.; half-pints, 6d. By the gallon, 5s.

CHLORALUM POWDER

Is not caustic, nor hurtful in any way, and although it absorbs moisture, it

DOES NOT DETERIORATE BY
KEEPING.

It is a most elegant and powerful preparation, and a substitute for the disagreeable disinfectants which have hitherto been placed at the disposal of the public and the medical profession. The objects aimed at in the manufacture of Chloralum Powder have been a uniform high strength and cheapness.

Sample casks, containing about 1 cwt. for 15s.; ½ cwt., 8s. 6d.; and in 6d. and 1s. packages.

CHLORALUM WOOL.

The New Styptic and Antiseptic Surgical Dressing. In pound and half-pound packages, at 6s. per lb. and 1s. samples.

CHLORALUM WADDING in sheets.
Price 2s. 6d.

CHLORALUM WOOL and WADDING is an absorbent and astringent antiseptic for use in the treatment of wounds, foul ulcers, bed sores, fætid cancers, discharges of all kinds, and to neutralise fever poisons in beds or in the sick chamber.

THE CHLORALUM COMPANY,

Nos. 1 and 2, Great Winchester Street Buildings, London, E.C.

GLENFIELD STARCH,

is the only kind used in
Her Majesty's Laundry.

If there are any LADIES who have not yet used the **GLENFIELD STARCH**, they are respectfully solicited to give it a trial, and carefully follow out the directions printed on every package, and if this is done,

They will say, like the Queen's Laundress,
IT IS THE FINEST STARCH THEY EVER USED.

When you ask for GLENFIELD STARCH see that you get it

AS INFERIOR KINDS ARE OFTEN SUBSTITUTED FOR THE SAKE OF EXTRA PROFIT

KINAHAN'S . LL . WHISKY.

This celebrated and most delicious old mellow spirit is the very

CREAM OF IRISH WHISKIES,

In quality unrivalled, perfectly pure, and more wholesome than the finest Cognac Brandy.

Note the Words "KINAHAN'S . LL . WHISKY"

ON SEAL, LABEL, AND CORK.

New Wholesale Depot, 6a, GREAT TITCHFIELD STREET, OXFORD STREET, W.

QUININE WINE,

AS SUPPLIED TO THE SICK AND WOUNDED DURING THE LATE WAR.

The many and expensive forms in which this well-known medicine is administered too often preclude its adoption as a general tonic. The success which has attended "WATERS' QUININE WINE" arises from its careful preparation only by the manufacturer. Each wine glassful contains sufficient Quinine to make it an excellent restorative to the weak. It behoves the public to see that they have **WATERS' QUININE WINE**, for the result of Chancery proceedings a short time since elicited the fact that at least one unprincipled imitator did not use Quinine at all in the Manufacture of his wine. All grocers sell **WATERS' QUININE WINE** at 30s. per dozen.

WATERS & WILLIAMS, Original Makers, Worcester House, 34, Eastcheap, London.

AGENTS, E. LEWIS & Co., WORCESTER.

COLUMBIAN HAIR DYE.—UNWIN and

ALBERT S. 24, PICCADILLY—is so effective and instantaneous that grey hair is coloured permanently a natural brown or black the moment it is touched by the dye, leaving it perfectly clean and soft as before the application. In cases at 5s. 6d., 10s. 6d., and 21s. Sample case 2s. 6d. By post 40 stamps.



AURICOMUS FLUID, for GOLDEN HAIR,

A harmless as pure water, has the astonishing power of quickly imparting a rich golden flaxen shade to hair of any colour. Its patronage has caused many imitations.—5s. 6d., 10s. 6d., and 21s.

UNWIN & ALBERT,

24, PICCADILLY.

PERFUMERS to the ROYAL FAMILY.



HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT

AND PILLS

Should during the trying time of Winter be ever at hand, because they are remedies suitable alike for the palace, the mansion, and the cottage, and because they can be used with equal advantage by both learned and illiterate.

Colds, coughs, catarrhs, bronchitis, pleurisy, asthma, ulcerated throats, enlarged tonsils, relaxed uvula, with other disorders affecting respiration, succumb to Holloway's remedies.

ORIENTAL TOOTH PASTE.

ESTABLISHED FORTY YEARS AS THE MOST

AGREEABLE & EFFECTUAL PRESERVATIVE FOR

THE TEETH AND GUMS.

Sold universally in pots at 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d.

None genuine unless signed

JEWSBURY and BROWN, Manchester.

BLAIR'S GOUT & RHEUMATIC PILLS.

This preparation is one of the benefits which the science of modern chemistry has conferred upon mankind; for during the first twenty years of the present century, to speak of a cure for the Gout was considered a romance; but now the efficacy and safety of this medicine is so fully demonstrated, by unsolicited testimonials from persons in every rank of life, that public opinion proclaims this as one of the most important discoveries of the present age.

These Pills require no restraint of diet or confinement during their use, and are certain to prevent the disease attacking any vital part.

Sold by all Medicine Vendors. Price 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. the box.

ASTOUNDING CURES

OF INDIGESTION, WIND, BILE, GOUT, RHEUMATISM & IMPURITIES OF THE BLOOD, are daily achieved by

RICHARDS' HEALTH RESTORER

A VEGETABLE PILL. Of all Chemists, at 1s. 1½d. & 2s. 9d., or from 24, Featherstone Buildings, W.C., for 14 or 33 stamps.

QUEEN INSURANCE COMPANY.

Authorised Capital£2,000,000.

Subscribed Capital 1,798,000.

Capital Paid-up..... 179,800.

FIRE.—LIFE.—ANNUITIES.

In point of SECURITY, it is believed that "QUEEN" POLICIES are UNSURPASSED.

LIFE BRANCH.

Notwithstanding the divisions arising out of two Quinquennial Valuations and the payment of all claims and expenses, the amount at the credit of the LIFE FUND is over SIXTY-FIVE per cent. of the entire Premium received on every Policy now in existence.

New Business—First Quinquennium£718,385.

Do. Second Do.£1,412,466.

CAREFUL SELECTION OF LIVES, AND CONSEQUENT LARGE BONUSES.

J. MONCRIEFF WILSON, GENERAL MANAGER.

THOMAS W. THOMSON, SUB-MANAGER.

J. K. RUMFORD, RESIDENT SECRETARY, London.

Queen Insurance Buildings, Liverpool;

And 60, Gracechurch Street, London.

W. H. SLATER, Tailor.

A large Assortment of OVERCOATS ready for immediate use, in all the New Materials of the Season, from 20s. to 70s.

Attention is also directed to our Specialities in JUVENILE ATTIRE for the present Season.

Knickerbocker Suits from 7s. 6d. Overcoats from 7s. 6d.

W. H. SLATER,

MERCHANT TAILOR AND JUVENILE OUTFITTER,

327, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON (nearly opposite Gray's Inn Road).

ON DECEMBER 4th WAS PUBLISHED, PRICE FOURPENCE,

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER

OF

ALL THE YEAR ROUND,

Conducted by CHARLES DICKENS,

ENTITLED

SLAVES OF THE LAMP.

CONTENTS.

THE LAMP AND ITS SLAVES.

IN THE CONFESSORIAL.

THE SIGNOR JOHN.

THE LAST TENANTS OF HANGMAN'S HOUSE.

THE HEAVENLY TWINS.

THE IRON GAGE.

PAGE TO PAGE.

THE LAMP'S TIDINGS.

LONDON: 26, WELLINGTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.

AND ALL BOOKSELLERS AND RAILWAY BOOKSTALLS THROUGHOUT THE KINGDOM.

CROSBY'S BALSMIC COUGH ELIXIR

IS SPECIALLY RECOMMENDED
BY SEVERAL EMINENT PHYSICIANS, AND BY

DR. ROOKE, Scarborough,

Author of the "Anti-Lancet," and has been used with the most signal success for Asthma, Bronchitis, Consumption, Coughs, Influenza, Night Sweats of Consumption, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, and all Affections of the Throat and Chest.

Sold by all respectable Chemists and Patent Medicine Dealers, in Bottles at 1s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s. each, and Wholesale by JAS. M. CROSBY, Chemist, Scarborough.

Invalids should read Crosby's Prize Treatise on "Diseases of the Lungs and Air-Vessels," a copy of which can be had GRATIS of all Chemists.

THE ANTI-LANCET.

IMPORTANT FACTS.

It is now admitted by every well-educated medical man that depression of *nervous power* is the cause and consequence of disease and death—a truth which was publicly made known in the "ANTI-LANCET" nearly thirty years ago. Of this work more than half a million copies have been published. Respecting it, the late distinguished author, Sheridan Knowles, observed:—"It will be an incalculable boon to every person who can read and think." From this book—which contains 168 pages—Invalids suffering under Indigestion, Liver Complaints, Asthma, Bronchitis, Pulmonary Consumption, Rheumatism, Gout, and all complaints attended with partial or general debility, may learn how these diseases can be relieved or cured. It may be read with much advantage by the depressed in spirits, the exhausted by mental or physical toil, the infirm, the nervous, and the aged. A copy may be obtained gratis of most respectable Chemists, or direct from the Author.

DR. ROOKE, SCARBOROUGH,

on forwarding address and two penny stamps for postage.

CHLORODYNE.

THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY GENUINE

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S

CHLORODYNE is admitted by the Profession to be the most wonderful and valuable remedy ever discovered

CHLORODYNE is the best remedy known for Coughs, Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma.

CHLORODYNE acts like a charm in Diarrhoea, and is the only specific in Cholera and Dysentery.

CHLORODYNE effectually cuts short all attacks of Epilepsy, Hysteria, Palpitation and Spasms.

CHLORODYNE is the only palliative in Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Gout, Cancer, Toothache, Meningitis, &c.

FROM LORD FRANCIS CONYNGHAM, Mount Charles, Donegal, 11th December, 1868.

"Lord Francis Conyngham, who this time last year bought some of Dr. J. Collis Browne's Chlorodyne from Mr. Davenport, and has found it a most wonderful medicine, will be glad to have half-a-dozen bottles sent at once to the above address."

"Earl Russell communicated to the College of Physicians that he received a dispatch from her Majesty's Consul at Manila, to the effect that Cholera has been raging fearfully, and that the ONLY remedy of any service was CHLORODYNE."—See *Lancet*, 1st December, 1864.

CAUTION.—BEWARE OF PIRACY AND IMITATIONS.

CAUTION.—Vice-Chancellor Sir W. PAGE WOOD stated that Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE was, undoubtedly, the Inventor of CHLORODYNE; that the story of the Defendant, FREEMAN, was deliberately untrue, which, he regretted to say, had been sworn to.—See *Times*, 13th July, 1864.

Sold in Bottles at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s. each. None is genuine without the words "Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE" on the Government Stamp. Overwhelming Medical Testimony accompanies each bottle.

Sole Manufacturer: J. T. DAVENPORT, 36, Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury, London.



Is now used by all respectable families for making delicious Custards and Blanc Manges—and nothing can be more agreeable to eat with Puddings, Pies, and Stewed Fruits.

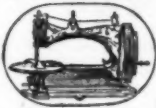
Sold by all Corn Dealers, in 1d. and 2d. packets, and 6d. and 1s. tins.



Makes Delicious Bread, Plum Puddings, and all kinds of Pastry Light, Sweet, and Digestible. Sold everywhere in 1d., 2d., 4d., and 6d. packets, and 6d., 1s., 2s. 6d., and 5s. boxes.

TWO GOLD MEDALS Awarded for Superior Quality.

W. F. THOMAS & Co.'s DOMESTIC SEWING MACHINES.



The new Single Thread Machine, of superior make, for all kinds of household work. By Hand, 55s.

Registered Shuttle Machines.
By Hand, £4 4s. By Hand or Foot, from £5 10s.

SEWING MACHINES

(VERY LIGHT).

For Dress Makers, Milliners, Tailors, and Shirt Collar Makers.

By Hand or Foot, £5 6s., £5 8s., £10, and £12.
. All Lock Stitch work alike on both sides.

CATALOGUES AND SAMPLES POST FREE.
ORIGINAL PATENTEES (1846.)

**1 & 2, CHEAPSIDE,
And REGENT CIRCUS, OXFORD STREET.**
Easy terms when required, without increase of price.



MATHER'S ORIENTAL
ROSE CREAM, extracted from the choicest rose-leaves, removes scurf, strengthens and imparts a gloss (without the use of pomades) to the hair, and prevents baldness, even restoring the growth in many cases which appear hopeless.—Sold by all chemists in bottles, at 1s., 2s. 6d., and 5s. each.

WILLIAM MATHER,
14, Bath Street, Newgate Street, London, E.C.;
10, Hanging Ditch, and 109, Chester Road, Manchester.



MATHER'S ROYAL
BALSMIC PLASTERS (as supplied to the Army and Navy at Scutari Hospital).—Sold by all chemists at 1d., 2d., 4d., 6d., and 8d. each.—Caution: Every plaster has the proprietor's signature, trade-mark, and address on the back.

(Established 40 Years.)

STANTON'S CELEBRATED COUGH PILLS
are universally acknowledged to be the best for the speedy cure of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Influenza, Bronchitis, Consumption, and all diseases of the chest and lungs.—**W. MATHER, 14, Bath Street, Newgate Street, London; and 109, Chester Road, Manchester.** In boxes at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. each.—Caution: "W. MATHER, Chester Road, Manchester," on the Government stamp round every box. Sent post free for 16 stamps.

REGISTERED.



be placed in any position without danger of leakage; can be emptied of its contents to the last drop.
Sold by all chemists at 1s. each.

MATHER'S NEW
INFANTS' FEEDING BOTTLE, THE PRINCESS, is unique in shape and possesses advantages over all others: is a combination of the flat and upright feeding bottles; is perfect in action and simple in construction; can

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS NEW YEARS GIFTS FOR ALL WHO COURT THE GAY & FESTIVE SCENES

ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL

Is a delightfully fragrant and transparent PREPARATION for the HAIR, and is an INVIGORATOR and BEAUTIFIER beyond all precedent. Price 3s. 6d., 7s.; family bottles (equal to four small), 10s. 6d.; double that size, 21s.

ROWLANDS' KALYDOR,

For the SKIN and COMPLEXION. Price 4s. 6d. and 8s. 6d. per bottle.

ROWLANDS' ODONTO, or Pearl Dentifrice,
For cleansing and preserving the Teeth, imparting a pearl-like whiteness, strengthening the Gums, and for giving a pleasing fragrance to the Breath. Price 2s. 9d. per box. Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers.

. ASK FOR 'ROWLANDS' ARTICLES.'



GLASS SHADES.

GLASS FLOWER VASES.

Glass Flower Troughs, &c.

SILVERED GLASS PLATEUX

FOR

DINNER TABLE DECORATION.

FERN CASES

AND WINDOW CONSERVATORIES.

**CLAUDET, HOUGHTON, AND SON,
89, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON.**

PURE AERATED WATERS.

ELLIS'S

RUTHIN WATERS,

Soda, Potass, Seltzer, Lemonade, Lithia, and for GOUT, Lithia and Potass.



CORKS BRANDED "R. Ellis & Son, Ruthin," and every label bears their trade mark. Sold everywhere, and Wholesale of R. ELLIS & SON, Ruthin, North Wales. London Agents: W. BEST & SONS, Henrietta Street, Cavendish Square.

KAYE'S WORSDELL'S PILLS.

Fifty years' good character represents something worthy of serious consideration.

KAYE'S WORSDELL'S PILLS

have been before the public half a century without any drawbacks as to their uninterrupted career of usefulness to individuals and families.

Sold by all Chemists and other Dealers in Patent Medicines, at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d. each.



THE SURPLICE SHIRT,

Six for 45s., 51s., 60s., 63s.

COLOURED FRENCH CAMBRICS, Six for 51s.

Sarata Gauze Cotton Shirting,

Quite a new fabric for Gentlemen's Shirts, being soft, durable, absorbing, and does not shrink.

Outfits for India, China, and the Colonies.

Outfit Price Lists and Self-Measurement Cards sent on application.

FLANNEL SHIRTS, 10s. 6d. to 14s.

JOHN SAMPSON & Co.,

SHIRT TAILORS,

130, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.

Gentlemen's Hosiery, Glovers, and complete Outfitters.



SMOKELESS STOVES. NO FLUES.



NASH & JOYCE'S PATENT PORTABLE STOVES

For drying and warming; require no attention; with one supply of fuel burns 12 hours.

THE NEW REGISTERED PATTERN STOVE FOR GREENHOUSES, with Ash receivers, may be kept burning all Winter by filling up with fuel every twelve hours, and can be regulated to any required degree. Price 12s. 6d. to 6 guineas. Patent Fuel, 18s. per 120 lb.; in sacks and bags of 30 and 60 lb. at 4s. 6d. & 6s.

AMERICAN CHARCOAL BOX IRON, Price 5s., 6s., and 7s.

PORTABLE VAPOUR AND HOT AIR BATH, with large Cloak, 21s. & 10s. 6d. Medical testimonials and prospectus free on application.

SWAN NASH, Ironmonger, 253, Oxford Street, and JOYCE'S STOVE DEPOT, 119, Newgate Street.

W. H. ATKINSON'S

Champion Plate Polish

ONLY SIXPENCE PER BOX.

SOLD EVERYWHERE, BY CHEMISTS, GROCERS, OIL AND COLOURMEN, IRONMONGERS, &c.

CHAPMAN & HALL'S PUBLICATIONS.

VOLTAIRE. By JOHN MORLEY. Demy 8vo, price 14s.

The KERAMIC GALLERY: comprising about Six Hundred Illustrations of Rare, Curious, and Choice Examples of Pottery and Porcelain, from the Earliest Times to the Present, selected by the Author from the British Museum, the South Kensington Museum, the Geological Museum, and various Private Collections. With Historical Notices and Descriptions. By WILLIAM CHAPERS. Two handsome vols.

The HISTORY of the COMMUNE of PARIS. By P. VESINIER, ex-Member and Secretary of the Commune, and Rédacteur en Chef du *Journal Officiel*. 1 vol. crown 8vo, price 7s. 6d.

BLINDNESS and the BLIND. By W. HANKS LEVY, F.R.G.S. [This day.] Crown 8vo. price 7s. 6d.

The HISTORY of ENGLAND from 1830. By WILLIAM NASSAU MOLESWORTH. Vol. I. demy 8vo, price 15s.

DRAMATISTS of the PRESENT DAY. By "Q." Reprinted, with Additions, from the *Athenaeum*. Crown 8vo, price 4s.

The HIGHLANDS of CENTRAL INDIA; Notes on their Forests, Wild Tribes, Natural History, and Sports. By the late Captain J. FORSYTH. 1 vol. demy 8vo., with a Map and Coloured Illustrations, price 18s.

LETTERS and EXTRACTS from the OCCASIONAL WRITINGS of J. BEETE JUKES, M.A., F.R.S., late Director of the Geological Survey in Ireland. Edited, with Memorial Notes, by his SISTER. Comprising Letters from Australia and Newfoundland whilst engaged in the Geological Survey. Post 8vo, with a Portrait, 12s.

CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193, PICCADILLY.



**THE ALBERTA UNEQUALLED SILENT
LOCK-STITCH FAMILY SEWING MACHINE,**
With Square Stand, 6 guineas Ornamental Branded Stand, 61 guineas.
THE EXCELSIOR FAMILY SEWING MACHINE.
This celebrated Machine is unrivalled for strength and Beauty of Stitch. Price Six Guineas.
HAND MACHINES, from 30s. FIRST-CLASS LOCK STITCH, from 70s.
WRIGHT and MANN, 143, Holborn Hill, London.

ROBERT COOKS AND CO.'S NEW MUSIC.

T **TIRED.** Sacred Song. Poetry by Miss BURNSIDE; Music by Miss M. LINDSAY (Mrs. R. W. Bliss). No. 1, in D flat; No. 2, in D. Each post free for 24 stamps. "A smooth and graceful melody of the simplest type, and likely to become very popular."—*Vide Edinburgh Courant.*

L **OW AT THY FEET.** Sacred Song. By Miss M. LINDSAY. 3s. "This is a model of a sacred song—words and music are alike simple and expressive, and should be generally known. Those who have not got it already should get it."—*Vide the Scotsman.* The same for Piano, Solo by BRINLEY RICHARDS. 4s.

A **LONE.** Sacred Song. By Miss M. LINDSAY, 3s. "There is great simplicity and sweetness in this song. It is within easy compass, and the accompaniment is skilful, and at the same time easy."—*Vide the Scotsman.*

T **HY VOICE IS NEAR.** 4s. Ballad. By W. T. WRIGHTON, Composer of "Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still," &c. A very sweet song, by an always welcome composer."—*City Press.* The same for the pianoforte by Brinley Richards. 3s. Each free by post at half-price.

E **XCELSIOR.** Song. Words by LONGFELLOW. Music by Miss M. LINDSAY (Mrs. J. W. Bliss). Price 4s. Also, for two or three voices, 4s. post free for half-price. "Sublime in its simplicity."—*Portsmouth Guardian.* Worthy of the exquisite lines of Longfellow."—*Church and School Gazette.* "Makes the heart echo the cry of 'Excelsior.'" "Beautiful in its very simplicity."—*Empire.* To be had everywhere. A list of Miss Lindsay's latest Songs gratis and post free.

P **ULASKI'S BANNER.** Vocal Duet. Words by LONGFELLOW. Music by Miss M. LINDSAY (Mrs. J. W. Bliss). For soprano and contralto, 4s. "Well worthy of the author of 'Excelsior.' Melodised with power and expression."—*Church and State Gazette.* "Music equally simple, adequate, and expressive."—*Court Journal.* Also by the same composer, "Far Away," "Tired," "Low at thy Feet," "Too late, too late," (sacred), "The Bridge," and "Excelsior." 4s. each. "A Psalm of Life." Solo and duet, each 3s. All half-price, postage free.

T **HE WONDERLAND QUADRILLES,** for the Pianoforte. By C. H. R. MARROTT. 4s. Cornet part, 6d. Finely illustrated. Post free at half-price. "Replete with most cheerful, happy, and lively nursery tunes familiar to us all. The title is tastefully illustrated in colours."

London: Published only by ROBERT COOKS and Co., New Burlington Street. Order of all Music-sellers. Lists of new dance music gratis and post free.

Ready, the Third Thousand of
MR. EDWARD LEAR'S NEW BOOK OF NONSENSE,
With 148 Illustrations, crown 4to, fancy boards, 7s. 6d.

**NONSENSE,
SONGS, STORIES, BOTANY,
AND ALPHABETS.**

With 148 Nonsense Illustrations. By EDWARD LEAR.
"In the ideal of nonsense Mr. Lear stands at the very summit of the human race."—*Spectator.*

London: ROBERT JOHN BUSH, 32, Charing Cross, S.W.

**USE SYMINGTON'S
PATENT PEA FLOUR.**

It is easy of digestion, wholesome, nutritious, requires no boiling, and rapidly makes a tureen of rich soup.

Bowden Steam Mills, Market Harborough.

**A Clear Complexion is produced by
GOWLAND'S LOTION.**

L **ADIES** riding and promenading, or exposed to the weather at this season, will, immediately on the application of this celebrated preparation (established 105 years), experience its extraordinary genial qualities. It produces and sustains

Great Purity and Delicacy of Complexion,
Removes freckles, tan, and redness, and promotes healthy action, softness, and elasticity of the skin, and is recommended in preference to any other preparation by the Medical Profession. Sold by all Druggists and Perfumers. Quarts, 8s. 6d.; Pints, 4s. 6d.; half-pints, 2s. 9d. CAUTION—Observe the name of the Proprietor, "H. C. Bourne, 13, Duke Street, Stamford Street, S.E." on the Government Stamp.

LITHOGRAPHY.

E. J. FRANCIS, 4 & 22, TOOK'S COURT, CHANCERY LANE, E.C.

LETTER-PRESS PRINTING.

E. J. FRANCIS, 4 & 22, TOOK'S COURT, CHANCERY LANE, E.C.

EDWARD J. FRANCIS,

Photo & Chromo Lithographer & Letter-Press Printer,

Forwards **ESTIMATES** by return of post for all kinds of

LITHOGRAPHIC AND GENERAL PRINTING,

NEWSPAPERS,
CHANCERY BILLS,
TRACTS,
POSTERS,

BOOKS,
PARLIAMENTARY PAPERS,
SERMONS,
SHOW CARDS,

MAGAZINES,
PAMPHLETS,
CATALOGUES,
HANDBILLS.

AND EVERY DESCRIPTION OF COMMERCIAL AND ARTISTIC LITHOGRAPHY

4 & 22, TOOK'S COURT, CHANCERY LANE, E.C.

THE PERFECTION OF PREPARED COCOA.

MARAVILLA COCOA.**Sole Proprietors—TAYLOR BROTHERS, London.**

NO BREAKFAST TABLE IS COMPLETE WITHOUT THIS DELICIOUS BEVERAGE.

The "GLOBE" says:—"TAYLOR BROTHERS, adapting their perfect system of preparation to this finest of all species of the THEOBROMA, have produced an article which SUPERSEDES EVERY OTHER COCOA in the market. Entire solubility, a delicate aroma, and a rare concentration of the purest elements of nutrition, distinguish the **MARAVILLA COCOA** above all others.

"For HOMCEOPATHS and INVALIDS we could not recommend a more agreeable or valuable beverage."

Sold in tin lined Packets only, by all Grocers.

THE GREAT SUCCESS which has attended the introduction of

THEIR GUARANTEED BLACK SILKS,

And the many testimonials they have received of their undoubted excellence, enable

JOLLY AND SON

With much satisfaction to recommend them to the public as unequalled for

BRILLIANCY, BEAUTY, AND DURABILITY.

They are of various makes, and range from 3 guineas to 10 guineas the Dress, and for the wear of all JOLLY & SON hold themselves responsible.

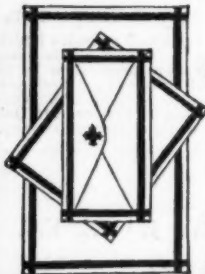
ADDRESS FOR PATTERNS,

JOLLY AND SON, BATH.

THE SPECIALITIES IN MOURNING STATIONERY,

Manufactured by TERRY, STONEMAN, & Co., LONDON.

SOLD BY ALL STATIONERS IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.



**OXFORD
NOTE PAPER**

AND

ENVELOPES,

Registered Solid
Black Borders,

Sold in three Qualities in
Packets.

Also in One Shilling Boxes.

Also the Oxford Violet, Carmine, and Royal Blue Bordered Stationery, in One Shilling Boxes.

TERRY, STONEMAN, & Co., Wholesale Stationers, HATTON GARDEN, LONDON.

DENTELLE

MOURNING NOTE PAPER AND ENVELOPES,

REGISTERED LACE DESIGNS,

SUITED FOR COMPLIMENTARY AND LADIES' USE.

BRUSSELS KID GLOVES.

These excellent and inexpensive Gloves, in the first choice only are sold (Wholesale and Retail) at the same rate as in the Manufacturer's Dépôts in Brussels, viz.:

Price with One Button . . 2s. 6d. per pair.

Price with Two Buttons . . 2s. 9d. " "

(GENTLEMEN'S AND CHILDREN'S AT PROPORTIONATE PRICES.)

A Single Pair, as Sample, by post, at the same rate.



DEBENHAM & FREEBODY,
WIGMORE STREET, AND WELBECK STREET, LONDON, W.

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR"

ALL THE YEAR ROUND

A Weekly Journal

CONDUCTED BY

CHARLES DICKENS

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED

"HOUSEHOLD WORDS"

NO. 157. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1871.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

CASTAWAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BLACK SHEEP," "WRECKED IN
PORT," &c. &c.

BOOK III.

CHAPTER I. FATHER AND SON.

THE revelation made by Mrs. Entwistle to her nephew had a twofold effect upon Gerald's mind. He was of course filled with joy at the discovery that his belief in his mother's innocence was well founded, but this joy was dashed with keen regret at the thought that the woman to whom he owed so much had acted so wickedly towards her sister; and that, even at the time of her narration, she did not express, and probably did not feel, the slightest remorse for the crime she had committed, and the misery which she had brought about. A great difficulty presented itself to the young man. He felt it to be of paramount importance that his mother's memory should be at once freed from the stain which, as his father believed, had so long rested upon it, and that though reparation was of course impossible, Sir Geoffry might be able to recal the associations of his married life without regret, and to believe in the asseverations of her innocence which his wife had made on parting from him.

To bring about this result successfully would, however, be no easy matter. In the first place, Gerald knew that Mrs. Entwistle's state of health was such as to render her extremely susceptible to any sudden emotion; and he dreaded the effect which the expression of his determination to reveal to his father the real state of the circumstances regarding Mr. Yeldham, and the error under which that unfortunate man's life had been sacrificed, might have

upon her. Then again, even supposing that he were enabled to break his intention to Mrs. Entwistle, without causing her much suffering, and to obtain her consent to the steps which he proposed to take, Gerald felt more than doubtful of the reception he might meet with at his father's hands. Even with his small experience of Sir Geoffry's temper, Gerald felt it probable that the old general would not merely discredit the information which his son sought to convey to him, but that he would possibly regard the whole affair as a scheme concocted by Gerald, with a view to his reinstatement in his position as his father's heir. However, the young man had made up his mind that the difficulties, of whatever nature they might happen to be, must be surmounted; and when he rose on the morning after Mrs. Entwistle's confession, it was with the full determination of taking prompt action towards the vindication of his mother's memory, even though his aunt might choose to withhold the consent which he intended to ask of her.

Whatever effect the narration of those dark passages in her early career may have had upon Mrs. Entwistle, she had herself sufficiently under control to prevent the manifestation of any outward sign; and when Gerald entered her boudoir, he found her lying on her sofa, in her usual position by the window, and in her usual state. She received him with her ordinary affectionate greeting; asked of his intended movements for the day, and chatted on indifferent topics, never making the smallest allusion to the occurrences of the previous evening, even when Gerald inquired, with what he intended to be special emphasis, after her health.

"I feel just as usual, my dear boy," she said, with a faint smile, "and if I continue

as I am now, I shall almost bring myself to believe that Doctor Asprey is wrong, and that I, as it were, exist upon my illness. That was a sharp attack that I had last night, but it seems to have left no special ill effect behind it, as I am in my normal state of lassitude and weariness."

"Even that is good hearing," said Gerald, "for I was prepared to find you a prisoner to your room, and I had something particular to say to you."

"Again," cried the invalid, with up-lifted eyebrows and a quaint expression of horror in her face. "Oh, for the happy days, when we had no mysterious communications to make to one another. I begin to feel myself like a modernised Mrs. Radcliffe, and expect to find trap-doors in the library floor, and see sheeted spectres gibbering in the park."

"You will readily understand what I have to ask you," said Gerald. "I need not enter into the details of the quarrel between father and son. I may simply say that it arose from my obedience to an obligation laid on me by my mother on her death-bed, and—"

"Is it positively necessary, my dear boy, that we should enter into these family matters?" asked the invalid, querulously.

"It is," said Gerald, "in so much as that in his conduct to me, as in every act of his life subsequent to his parting from my mother, Sir Geoffry has been guided by a belief in his wife's misconduct, if not actual shame. It is necessary that he should be enlightened on that matter, and that the truth should be told to him."

"Gerald," cried Mrs. Entwistle, with an ineffectual struggle to raise herself on her couch, "you would not betray me?"

"I would vindicate the memory of the dead," said Gerald.

"But at my expense. Wait till I am gone, my dear boy; you will not have to postpone your explanation long, and—and my views have somewhat altered since last night."

"You wish you had not told me this story," said he, bending over her and taking her hand.

"With all my soul I wish it," said Mrs. Entwistle, earnestly. "It is natural enough and to be expected, of course, but your manner seems changed and different towards me this morning. And I—I have been, and am so fond of you."

"But she was my mother," said Gerald, sadly. "Ah, you will not leave her memory with this stain upon it! I am, I know, the only person in the world whose affection

you care for, and God knows it is not for me, owing as I do almost everything to your kindness, to sit in judgment on matters which took place almost before my existence. Your conduct to her has been atoned by your conduct to me, and if my father lost his wife through your acts, I have found a second mother in you."

As he said these words he bent over the couch, and kissed the wan cheeks, down which the tears were coursing. Then he continued: "But you will not refuse to make reparation by letting me see my father to clear his mind of the groundless suspicion which has so long possessed him, and of showing how harshly his wife was treated by him."

"I should not object to that," said Mrs. Entwistle, with something of the old sarcastic ring in her voice. "Major Heriot never appreciated my sister, and, even in his most devoted days, treated her with a frigid courtesy which would have led any woman with a little spirit to hate him."

"You will not object, then, to my seeing Sir Geoffry, and acquainting him with what you told me last night?"

"You must do as you will," said the invalid, wearily; "but a very short time, and I shall be beyond the influence of his wrath, however violent it may be."

So the concession was granted, though unwillingly, and Gerald determined to go down to Springside, where he had ascertained that his father was residing, and make an effort to see him. He was sufficiently acquainted with the violence of Sir Geoffry's temper to appreciate fully the difficulty of his task, and he allowed to himself that, even if he succeeded in obtaining admission into his father's presence, he would yet be far from attaining the object of his visit. Once admitted to an audience, much doubtless rested with him, and his success would greatly depend on his power of holding himself in check, and rendering himself invulnerable to the taunts, and worse than taunts, with which he was likely to be greeted. Looking at the motives which influenced him, the restitution of his mother's good name, and the reparation of the wrong which had been done to her during her lifetime, and to her memory since her death, the young man felt that he would be enabled to fulfil his self-imposed task in the spirit in which he had conceived it. It would be a difficult task no doubt, but it should be undertaken in a proper spirit, and would, he hoped, be carried out successfully.

Gerald did not purpose going to Spring-side until next morning. He did not think it would be kind to leave Mrs. Entwistle until he had seen whether the access of illness, which had induced her to send for Doctor Asprey, gave any signs of reappearance, and, moreover, he had something else to do that morning. Something particular, apparently, so attentive was he to a second toilet, which he seemed to think it necessary to perform after quitting his aunt's presence, and at the conclusion of which he left the house and struck across the park towards Kensington Gardens.

The broad walk, which had been lately filled with fashionable promenaders, was now almost deserted, and the turfy paths of the long green alleys were already dotted with freshly fallen leaves. In many spots the grass had been worn away entirely, in more it was brown, brittle, and stubbly; the leaves lay where they fell, being not yet sufficiently numerous, in the gardener's opinion, to be worth the trouble of collection. The children usually found there, taking in the best imitation of fresh air under the circumstances, had gone to the seaside, accompanied by their nursemaids, and even the shabby-genteel people, whose business in life seems to be to sit on the extreme edges of the seats and eat captains' biscuits, had forsaken their haunts. Struck by the contrast between the gaiety which the scene had presented on the last occasion of his visiting it, and the desolation which then characterised it, Gerald Hardinge stopped and looked round, then, with a shiver, was turning away, when he caught sight of a figure, with its back towards him, some little distance off.

A female figure, trim, neat, and lissome, strolling along with somewhat languid steps, and idly pushing up the grass with her parasol. Just the sort of figure to induce a wish to see the face belonging to it. No wonder, then, that Gerald Hardinge, after a minute's hesitation, started in pursuit.

"I'm going blind, I fancy," he said to himself, as he hurried along. "It was by the merest chance that I saw her, and yet I felt certain she would not neglect my summons. How wonderfully graceful she is; how much improved since the old days!"

The next moment he had gained the lady's side. She gave a little cry as he stood suddenly before her, hat in hand. She had been startled by his appearance, and the colour flushed up into her cheeks.

It was Rose Pierrepont, with her promise of delicate beauty developed and matured, and with the bloom of health and quiet content in place of the anxious, irritable expression which her face formerly wore.

"You startled me, Mr. Gerald," she said, with a half-laugh. "You came so quietly behind me on the grass that I did not hear you."

"But you expected me, Rose?"

"Oh yes; but at the moment I was thinking of—something else."

"You are as candid as ever."

"You would not have me otherwise, Mr. Gerald?"

"Certainly not. Equally certainly I will not have you call me Mr. Gerald."

"What would Mrs. Entwistle think if she heard me call you anything else?"

"Mrs. Entwistle is not here. What made you refer to her?"

"I don't know; she came into my head."

"I notice she always does come into your head, or, at least, you always allude to her, whenever you are annoyed. You did not like Mrs. Entwistle, Rose?"

"I did not take any violent fancy to her."

"So I was sorry to see."

"Were you? Well, then, if it will please you, I will take a violent fancy to her, Mr.—I mean, Gerald."

"Don't be absurd, Rose; you are in one of your teasing humours, which always provoke me."

"Then you should not have written to me to meet you at so short a notice, and come upon me so suddenly when you arrived. It was lucky your letter found me, as I might have started off for my holiday."

"I knew you would not go without letting me know, and giving me the chance of saying good-bye. Rose, can you be serious for a minute?"

There was something in his tone which caused her to put off her light laughing manner in an instant. "Of course I can, Gerald," she said, earnestly. "If my nonsense pains you I—"

"You know there is nothing I love to listen to so much," interrupted Gerald; "but just now I have something in downright sober earnest to say to you, my child. You have known me, little Rose, in two very different positions in life."

"Yes," said Rose, rather sadly; "long ago, when you were a scene-painter; now, when you are a—well."

"Yes; you fancy that I have returned to

my family, but it is not so. Mrs. Entwistle is my aunt, it is true, but I have yet living a father, who has discarded me."

"Discarded you, Gerald—for what?"

"Principally for siding with my mother, with whom also he had quarrelled, believing she had deceived him. It has just been my fortune to discover that his suspicions of my mother were utterly unfounded, and I am going to him to-morrow to prove this to him."

"Coming on such an errand he will be sure to welcome you and take you back into favour, Gerald," said Rose, with yet a touch of sadness in her voice.

"I am by no means so sure of that. If he does, well and good. I will ask nothing of him but his recognition and his name."

"What is his name, Gerald?"

"That you shall not know, little Rose, until I have seen him. Curious, too, that you should ask, as it is a matter in which you may be interested."

"I, Gerald? How?"

"Surely you must know! Surely long ere this your heart must have told you how dear you are to me, Rose. Will you not answer me?" he said, taking her hand and passing it lightly through his arm.

"I—I—I thought you liked me, Gerald," said the girl, looking down.

"Liked you!" he echoed, with a laugh.

"I like you so much that I am going to ask you to be my wife, to share my fortunes, and to take my name when," he added, with a touch of bitterness, "when it is decided under what name the remainder of my life is to be passed! What answer do you give me, Rose?"

She gave him none, beyond what was conveyed in the momentary upward glance of her large eyes, and in the slight pressure from the little hand that trembled on his arm. It was, however, apparently enough for Gerald, who, after glancing hastily round to see that there were no observers within sight, bent down and touched her forehead with his lips.

"Thank you, dearest one," he said.

"You are taking a leap in the dark, and have not the least idea what fate may be in store for you. But, whatever it is, I shall be by your side to share its troubles. Another twenty-four hours will determine whether I am to remain an outcast under a false name, or to resume my position as my father's son."

"You are determined, then, to see your father, Gerald?"

"I am. It is my duty to tell him what I have heard, and to endeavour to satisfy

him of its truth. Whether I fail in this, or whether I succeed, all I should ask of him would be the permission to bear his name. I want no money from him. I would take none."

"Then if your father is still obdurate against you, Gerald, you will go on living as you have done lately?"

"Not entirely, little Rose. In the first place, I shall have you with me, and in the next I am determined to shake off this laziness under which I have so long been labouring, and to work for my living."

"That's good hearing, Gerald," said the girl, looking up delightedly at him. "What you said last, I mean," she added, noticing the smile upon his face; "though I don't mean to deny that to become your wife will be the fulfilment of my dream of happiness."

"It is very sweet of you to make such a confession. How long have you had this dream, Rose?"

"Almost all my life, it seems to me. It began I think in the old days at Wexeter, when you used to give me drawing lessons in Miss Cave's lodgings. You recollect Wexeter, Gerald, and Madge?"

"Yes," he said, "of course I recollect Madge well."

"I was almost jealous of Madge once, I remember. I used to think you liked her, Gerald, but that of course was absurd. Poor darling Madge, how surprised she will be at what I have to tell her! I shall write to her directly I get home."

"I think you had better leave it until you can tell her something more definite, dearest," said Gerald. "By to-morrow night I shall know what effect the communication I have to make to you will have upon my father, and you can then write more fully as to your future to your sister. Now talk to me about yourself."

The approach of autumn, which strikes with dismay the inhabitants of most watering-places, whether inland or on the coast, is regarded very calmly by the dwellers in Springside, for to those who have been prudent enough to invest their savings in lodging-houses in that favourite spot, there is no portion of the year which does not bring its due amount of profit and gain. When the summer is over, and the London families, who have been making a holiday sojourn in the city of springs, return to the city of smuts, the Springsidites view the departure of their visitors with perfect composure. They know that after a very short interval, just long enough for

them to go through the process of a "thorough clean up," and the substitution of winter for summer furniture, their lodgings will be again filled, and this time by a class of tenant, rich, valetudinarian, and certain to remain for many weeks. This interval, however, though made much of by those who take advantage of it for the performance of necessary labour, is generally voted desperately dull by the better class of inhabitants, most of whom try to make their escape to more congenial places. Sir Geoffrey, in particular, very much resented the state of affairs at this dull season of the year. Most of his club cronies were away; it was next to impossible to get up a rubber; and even the few friends admitted to the intimacy of Wheatercroft, were among the defaulters. Cleethorpe was shooting in Scotland, and Mr. Drage had gone over to attend a church congress, which was being held at Bircester. Sir Geoffrey could have put up with all of this if Mrs. Pickering had been at home to talk with and read to him, but she had asked for a few days' holiday, and of course he had not dreamed of refusing her.

The instant she was gone, the old general felt her loss. There was a letter from Irving—a long letter—full of business, which he would have liked to submit to her consideration, and in which he would not stir without her advice. He had grown accustomed to consult his housekeeper in almost everything, and to place great reliance on her judgment.

"A wonderful woman, sir!" Sir Geoffrey said of Mrs. Pickering to his friend Cleethorpe, just before the gallant captain started for his shooting-box in the Highlands. "A wonderful woman! Most women have a knack of hitting the right nail on the head, but this they do by accident, by intuition, as it is called, and can never tell you why! Now, Mrs. Pickering is always right, and can always give you her reason for being so. You did me an immense service, sir, when you persuaded that lady to undertake the management of my household."

But Mrs. Pickering was gone, and had taken her judgment with her, and Sir Geoffrey was left alone, to use strong language at his loneliness and the dreariness of his house, and to render the lives of his servants almost insupportable, by the variety of his orders and the caprices of his querulous temper.

On the second night after Madge's departure, just at the time that she was entering the grounds at Hollycombe, Sir

Geoffrey was seated at the window of the dining-room, looking out into the garden, and wondering what he should do if chance ever removed Mrs. Pickering from his service. The mere idea of such a contingency made him hot with vexation; it was not like the same place without her, and nothing seemed to go on rightly in her absence.

"And yet," said the old general to himself, "and yet I'm likely to lose her at any moment. She's a young woman still, and a handsome woman, and attractive in every way, and is certain to be picked up sooner or later. If I were a younger man myself I should be too glad of such a wife; and of course there are hundreds who have the same idea. Perhaps at this very moment there is some confounded fellow talking to her, and making up his mind that he'll ask her to marry him. What's that?"

He started, and, shading his eyes with his hand, peered out into the gloaming.

"I could have sworn I saw a figure," he said, turning back into the room, "but there is nothing there. I'm nervous to-night, and shall set the doctor's warning at defiance, and take a glass or two of port. Absurd to think that a man of my figure, without any hereditary tendency to gout, should——"

He stopped, attracted by the noise made by the opening of the door, and looked in that direction. He saw the door open, and a man's figure enter the room and advance quickly towards him. For an instant the old general thought he was attacked, and his hand closed upon the neck of the decanter he was lifting from the sideboard, as his handiest weapon of defence.

The figure, however, stood upright and motionless before him. As far as he could make out in the dull uncertain light it was that of a tall, well-knit young man, with a full and flowing beard.

Sir Geoffrey eyed it for a moment in silence, then he said: "Who are you, and what is your business here, sir?"

"I want to see you," was the reply; but no sooner did the old general hear the tones of the voice from which it was uttered, than he relaxed his hold of the decanter, and stepping a pace forward, waved his hand toward the door.

"I know you now!" he cried, in loud and angry tones; "I cannot discern your features, but I recognise your voice! How dare you insult me by your presence? Leave the house at once!"

"Father," said the young man, submissively.

"I have forbidden you ever to use that word to me," cried Sir Geoffry. "To what am I indebted, sir, for the honour of this visit? The last time I saw you, you were full of your great career, and swaggered about not touching the money which was your due. I presume that delusion is at an end, and that you have come to claim your rights?"

"I have," said Gerald, "but not in the way that you imagine. I have come to claim my right to be regarded as your son; my mother's right to atonement for the grievous wrong you did to her while living, and which you have continued to her memory! Oh, sir, I told you I would make it the business of my life to discover the real story of Mr. Yeldham's acquaintance with my mother, and to prove to you that your jealous fears of her were groundless. I can prove all this to you now; I have come here to do so!"

"It is a lie!" cried the old man, stretching out his hands, and trembling with passion. "You have come here because your funds are exhausted, and your creditors refuse to trust you further! You can have the money, sir; it is yours by right; there is no occasion for you to descend to such paltry subterfuge."

"Father, I implore——"

"I insist, sir, upon your discontinuing to address me in that manner," said the old man, ringing the bell. "Make your application to me in a business way, through a lawyer, and it shall be attended to. Riley!" he cried to the servant, who appeared at the door, "what were you doing to permit this person to make his way into my presence? Show him out instantly, and never give him admittance here again."

Gerald looked as if he would have spoken, but the old servant touched him on the shoulder, and sorrowfully preceded him out of the room.

TAMMANY CHIEFS.

THE city of New York at this moment is the scene of a remarkable struggle between the people and what was a few short months ago the strongest, and most absolutely irresponsible government in the world. The great and sumptuous city, spreading its wealth over the heights of Brooklyn and the marshes of New Jersey, grasping in its rich embrace the opposite shores of the rivers which enclose the famous island of Manhattan, has been for years prostrate at the feet of a municipal government,

despotic as the Venetian oligarchy, mysterious as the Vehmgericht, corrupt as the College of Cardinals in the worst days of papal misrule. Deriving its power from the immediate suffrages of the sovereign people, submitting every autumn at the elections either for the mayoralty, shrievalty, commissionerships, or judgeships, its party ticket to the approval of the public, invariably victorious over all its enemies by such overwhelming majorities as to render opposition almost ridiculous, the city government apparently contained all the elements of solidity and permanence. It is true that an intelligent minority existed, but the intelligence, wealth, and respectability of the great city has ever shown itself lamentably apathetic on municipal and, indeed, on all political questions. During a long residence in New York, the writer was often astonished at the constant and utter indifference to every subject of local administration displayed by the prominent citizens and great merchants. The answer invariably vouchsafed to all his queries was, "The whole thing was a dirty business—too filthy for a gentleman to touch; far better to let things alone, bad as they were!"

"You see," continued a thoroughly representative New Yorker, "the rascals who are in power now are gorged with plunder; they have the most palatial residences, the most gorgeous furniture. They drive the fastest horses, smoke the largest cigars, drink the dearest brands of wine, wear the biggest diamonds on the dirtiest hands, and eat—with their knives—the best dinners in the city. They have every temptation (though I admit they very seldom yield to it) to act decently, and rob moderately, and we must admit that what they steal with one hand they scatter freely with the other. Now, suppose for one moment that we were rid of these, and a fresh lot came into power, the new men would all be like greedy cormorants. They would have everything to get, do you see? whereas our present scoundrels have got it all. I guess we should only change the whips of Tammany for the scorpions of a new and famished crowd."

This gentleman by no means stood alone in his sentiments, and his remarks may be taken as a very fair expression of the prevailing opinion of what the Americans are pleased to call Uppertendom. The strong interest in local politics which forms so large a portion of every-day life in England, appeared to be utterly lost in a sensation of total and complete helplessness.

"What is the use of my voting at all?" said a graduate of Harvard, "when the last wild Irishman—imported, perhaps, not more than a month ago, and duly invested with all the rights of citizenship by fraudulent naturalisation papers—can walk down to the polls and neutralise my vote? It is of no use, sir. The educated classes in this city do not stand a chance against the illiterate mass of adopted citizens; they just hang together and carry everything before them, so that a white man, unless he can boast an O or a Mac in front of his name, has no more chance of occupying the smallest position than a nigger."

The wide prevalence of such doctrines as these, and the complete lapse of Uppertendom into poccourantism, bore the fruit that might have been expected, and the whole patronage of the city, and the entire administration of the city revenues, fell into the hands of the remarkable institution holding its head-quarters at Tammany Hall. The hall, a huge building surmounted by a stone effigy of a colossal Indian, is situate in Fourteenth-street, in the very centre of New York, and here the chiefs of Tammany were wont to meet and decide on the campaign tactics of the democratic party.

It may, perhaps, be well to remind the English reader that the democratic is the conservative party in America, as opposed to the republican, black republican, or abolitionist party, now victorious so far as the central government of the United States is concerned. The democrats, however, have in many cases retained great local power, and are distinguished by their steady adherence to the old-fashioned doctrine of federalism, and the steady maintenance of the obsolete principle of states' rights, a theory propounding the absolute independence and separate sovereignty of each individual state. These doctrines were pretty well knocked on the head during the "late misunderstanding," as the great American war is sometimes designated, but they are still fondly cherished in the democratic bosom, and in few parts of America have the democrats so long held the reins of power as in the city of New York.

This party is in no slight degree indebted for the continuance of its power to the ever-increasing element of Irish immigration. Every Hibernian is almost, immediately on his arrival, pounced upon by "the boys," christened a good democrat, and made, by hook or by crook, a naturalised citizen at once. Should the youth be

gifted with a finer natural taste for drinking and fighting than for work, he, in course of time, becomes drafted into the ranks of the "shoulder-hitters" and "repeaters," or, in plain English, of those gentry who carry to a sublime point their obedience to the precept, "Vote early, and vote often," and, voting themselves in half a dozen different wards during the day, by their ruffianly demeanour very effectually deter more peaceful citizens from recording their votes at all.

To these may be added the army of roughs, generally the keepers of low gin-shops, gaming-houses, and the professional thieves, their friends, admirers, and accomplices. The latter, during the leisure hours they can spare from the exercise of their regular profession, devote themselves vigorously to the pursuit of politics and whisky, and many a rascal owes his escape from justice to the partial feeling of a judge, in whose election the thief or some of his friends had taken a prominent part.

Inquiring one day of a worthy merchant, a man of substance, if he knew anything of a sprightly young fellow, who appeared to know everybody, this gentleman gave me the following astounding reply:

"Don't know exactly—guess he is a gambler or a politician!"

The order wherein the several professions were named, gives a correct idea of the public feeling towards the two classes of adventurers.

A certain amount of chivalry is very absurdly supposed to attach to the "sport" or gambler by profession; his duties are arduous, his expenses enormous, he is frequently a large speculator in stocks and real estate, and from a hail-fellow-well-met point of view, is considered a better sort of fellow than a "one-horse" politician. The more fashionable dress and more polished manners of the "sport," also help to maintain his superiority; he often happens to have been, at some remote period, a gentleman, and, although often "broke," and very much "shattered" in health and reputation, he still retains some slight traces of his old mode of life; while the rising politician is often that most unhappy of wretches, a "cad," trying his best to appear a gentleman, and finding the purple and fine linen of newly acquired wealth and importance sit as ill on him as did the mantle in the old ballad on the shoulders of those dames whose reputation was not above scandal.

The low estimate accorded to their craft by the public, is not unfrequently a matter

of jest among the politicians themselves. A short time since two of these worthies were dining together at the Hoffmann House, when, one wishing to "take a rise" out of his friend, began:

"Say, Tom, what have you been doing to the press? These fellows are calling you more names than would fill a dictionary!"

"Oh!" replied the other, "I don't mind; in fact, rather like it! Why only the other day one of the papers compared me to Judas Iscariot" (Eye-scariot he pronounced it), "but I didn't mind!"

"No," rejoined his friend, kindly; "you didn't mind, of course, but—but how about Judas?"

The fashionable season of New York extends from November to Lent, and during this period a vast number of public balls on a huge scale are organised on various pretences. The Charity Ball, where two years ago Prince Arthur was the centre of attraction, is by far the most fashionable public ball of the season, and the élite of the city fail not to muster in great force; bright gems and brighter eyes may be counted, not in hundreds but in thousands. Next perhaps in importance is the ball of the Americus Club, an institution of the Tammany "stripe" of politics. At this monster gathering the display of diamonds is perfectly marvellous, the extravagant toilets provoke remark even in the city of extravagant expenditure, and among the most prominent guests are, or were, the chiefs of Tammany.

Conspicuous among these is a largely framed man, "with brawny shoulders four foot square;" huge, heavy-looking, but muscular withal; of ungainly aspect as to his limbs, labouring under an unfortunate incapability of finding gloves large enough, or boots creaseless enough, to encompass his vast extremities, but exulting in a deep chest heaving beneath a snowy expanse of linen decorated with an immense diamond solitaire. Surmounting this ungainly body is a massive head crowned with grizzled locks. From beneath a pair of bushy eyebrows gleam bright but sunken eyes, while a heavy beard, streaked with silver, conceals the massive jaw and determined chin. This man is indeed a man of mark, the object of many greetings and hand-shakings, friendly and servile, for he is a leader of men; his word is law, his smile is wealth, his frown ruin; he is the great chief, the Grand Sachem of Tammany, the Boss of the Ring.

At the outset of life a chair-maker on no very ambitious scale, nursed in the old volunteer fire department, an intensely political and slightly rowdy organisation, step by step from foreman of his engine onward and ever onward, higher and still higher, by ways straight or crooked, unaided except by his own quiet determination and iron will, has this man climbed to his present position. Ostensibly a mere commissioner of works, but really a civic Warwick—a municipal king-maker—he sets up and pulls down mayors, chamberlains, comptrollers, collectors. Ever near the great sun of the Tammany system is the quiet and unobtrusive man who enjoys the reputation of supplying intellect to the ruling body. This new Carnot, rejoicing in the initials of Peter B., is dubbed by his friends and foes—Peter Bismarck or Peter Brains Sweeny. He is the great initiator of the policy of pseudo-purity, bogus liberality, and judicious disinterestedness. He is ever preaching to his more voracious colleagues one invariable doctrine, "Gentleman, we must disgorge." Throwing a sop to Cerberus has ever been his leading idea, and when city chamberlain, he at once turned over to the city treasury a huge amount of interest invariably engulfed by preceding chamberlains. His policy was a sound one, and it redounds somewhat to his credit, that, having "got" enough, he was prepared to "run straight" if the rest of the Ring would have allowed him to do so.

Chatting to a bevy of fashionably-dressed ladies stands Slippery Dick, one of the most popular and best-abused men in Gotham. Slippery or not, Dick has managed to accumulate a huge fortune, and knows right well how to enjoy it. Very late in arrival, and very early in departure; last in the battle, and first in the retreat; is a slender, dapper-looking gentleman, happy in the possession of an elegantly trimmed beard, and taking pride in the "nice conduct" of an eye-glass. His step is light and springy, his hand ever ready to greet his innumerable friends; he is admirably "fixed" in the bluest of blue "clawhammer" coats, the whitest of vests, and the brightest of all possible brass buttons. With jaunty self-possession, with bright glance overflowing with genial good humour, he moves briskly among the throng, feeling quite at home, and why not? for he is, municipally speaking, the "biggest man" there, and rules, or rather seems to rule, the city according to his own good pleasure. Originally a smart lawyer, then

combining that profession with the ardent pursuit of politics and occasional excursions into the realms of literature, pleading causes, addressing "fellow-citizens," and editing the New York Leader by turns, he has made his way with very tolerable rapidity to the highest municipal position attainable. Like Warren Hastings and other great men, the mayor of New York is addicted to the composition of feeble verses; but what is this one small speck upon the face of an "ancillary planet?"

The city judges, some of whom correspond in position with our stipendiary magistrates, are in great force. One genial gentleman is accused on all hands of being kept by the managers or mismanagers of the Erie Railway; near him, gossiping with the gayest group in the house, is the plucky little judge, "Gunny," who has earned immense renown by actually daring to inflict severe sentences on several prominent malefactors. The mere fact of a judge being praised to the skies for doing his simple duty, affords a singular comment on the general administration of justice. Imagine Sir Thomas Henry being complimented in the Times, and compared to Chief Justice Gascoigne, for daring to commit Mr. William Sikes for trial!

Talking in a low tone, and earnestly, to the "Thunderbolt" of the Sixth Ward, a mountain of a man, resplendent in new broadcloth, broad smiles, and the inevitable diamonds, is a tall handsome man, not only better-looking, but more gentleman-like than most of the greater chiefs. He was formerly—but a few years ago—a clerk in the house of A. T. Stewart, but plunging into the sea of politics his talents have brought him to the top of the wave. Enthusiastic admirers predict his certain election at the next contest for the mayoralty.

But there is a buzz of excitement. Mrs. Mushroom's diamonds have just arrived. Every one is excited to a violent pitch; all crowd to obtain a glimpse of the diamonds. Mrs. Mushroom arrives leaning on her husband's arm. She is a showy-looking lady, with a great deal of fair hair more or less authentic. Her toilet is a marvel; heavy satins and priceless laces struggle for pre-eminence; her panier is the biggest, her train the longest in the room. But the diamonds—oh, the diamonds! they blaze and glitter, twinkle and dazzle, raising, meanwhile, storms of envy, hatred, malice, and uncharitableness in the bosoms of fair spectators. One of these last whispers confidentially:

"She is heavy on diamonds now, but

Mushroom once kept a gambling-house in 'Frisco, and has committed, I guess, about every crime that wasn't out of his reach."

Such is the rage of the celestial soul of woman at the sight of unattainable jewels.

There is only one slight drawback to these gigantic balls; it is clearly impossible to dance, unless a waltz on the area of an ordinary chess-board can be denominated dancing. But many who come to dance remain to drink, and at one of these balls my evil star led me among a knot of well-known politicians. These were men known to everybody in New York, men whom every one called by their Christian names. Of course the champagne flowed freely: it always is flowing freely on some pretence or other in Gotham. Equally as a matter of course, every man was formally introduced to all the rest, hands were very profusely shaken, and names went very much in at one ear and out at the other. It was a jolly, an excessively jolly party. Among the lively crowd was one gentleman conspicuous by the bravery of his apparel. Faultlessly, too faultlessly dressed, booted and gloved to perfection, oiled, curled, waxed, and gummed within an inch of his life, he was the very beau ideal of a New York dandy. The diamonds of this Adonis were enormous and his thirst prodigious. Suddenly this thing of beauty asserted his intention of depriving the assembly of the light of his presence. Addressing the little knot of revellers, and noticing some rather noisy proceedings in another corner of the room, Adonis opened his mouth and said with fine aristocratic disdain:

"I guess this thing is getting rayther mixed—I shall go." And with many affectionate farewells the elegant hero was suffered to depart. An inquiry touching the identity of the exclusive gentleman elicited the following reply: "You don't know him? I guess you don't know enough to go in-doors when it rains. That's the eminent forger, S., just out on bail!"

It may easily be imagined that a society striking its roots so deeply into the slough of the city, and not disdaining even the state prison as a nursery of voters, must be powerful indeed. Marshalled by old tacticians, veterans of many a meeting, men deeply learned in all the mysteries of axe-grinding, log-rolling, and wire-pulling, electing the very judges themselves, it is not to be wondered at that the forces of Tammany have so long proved irresistible. As Napoleon held his artillery in his hand, "comme un coup de pistolet," as Mr. Seward during the civil war boasted that the

liberty of every citizen was at the mercy of his "little bell," even so did the Grand Sachem of Tammany rule the minor slaves of the Ring.

The treachery of a discontented confederate has at last laid bare to the world the history of the most extraordinary system of fraud and spoliation that blots the page of history, and the eyes of Europe are now anxiously watching the efforts of the inhabitants of the Empire City to free themselves from the thralldom of the fatal Ring, which has so long enclosed them in its circle of corruption.

DESIGN OR DEVELOPMENT?

In many parts of France the walks and alleys in parks and gardens are merely the natural loam beaten hard, sometimes mixed or coated over with road scrapings. In wet weather this forms a sticky, slippery surface, so inconvenient as to lead to the insertion of a line of small flags or stepping-stones along the principal walks, to render the passage along them possible after heavy rains. But in hot dry seasons they become hard and smooth, attaining the consistency of a compact stucco. In this state, their only defect is a tendency to cracking; but as the cracks are never wide nor deep enough to serve as pitfalls to the smallest babe, the fault offends the eye rather than the foot of those who walk upon them.

Besides the cracks, these plaster-like walks are often perforated with holes, out of which earth has been thrown by some agent within. By watching a hole, you will see issuing from and entering it, a bee-like insect, of mild and innocent mien—it actually feeds itself on the pollen of flowers—but which provides a store of fresh insect-meat for its young, in a way which would make the late Mr. Burke hide his diminished head. A medical man, Doctor Léon Dufour, discovered the crime, but failed to detect the real secret of the creature's operations. He calls the culprit *Cerceris* bupresticide—*Cerceris*, the buprestis-slayer.

In July, 1840, while going his rounds, a patient suffering under some small ailment which few people die of kept him waiting. To pass the time he went into the garden, and took his post in an alley on the lookout for something. But seeing no more than Sister Anne did at first, he searched the pathway for the habitations of burrow-

ing hymenopteræ. A tiny hill of sand, recently thrown out, caught his eye. It masked the orifice of a deep passage, which he traced by cautiously working with a spade. Soon he saw sparkling the brilliant wing-cases of a much-coveted buprestis; soon afterwards a whole buprestis; and then three and four entire buprestes delighted his gaze with their emeralds and gold. He could not believe his eyes. And that was only the beginning of his discoveries. Out of the ruins of the mine there crept a hymenopterous insect, which he captured as it tried to make its escape. In it he recognised the *Cerceris* bupresticide.

The entomologist's hot blood was up. It was not enough to have found the murderer and the victims; he must know who were the consumers of all this rare and valuable prey. It was as if he had found a human larder stocked with golden pheasants and birds of paradise. Having exhausted this first buprestiferous vein, which he had followed to the depth of a foot, he tried other soundings. In less than an hour he disinterred three *cerceris* dens, and his reward was fifteen whole buprestes, with the fragments of a still greater number. Here was a perspective to look forward to! In that locality he could catch in a few hours fifty or sixty female *cerceris* on the blossoms of various species of garlic. Their nests must be in the neighbourhood, provisioned in the same luxurious style. In them he would find, by hundreds, rare buprestes of which he had never been able to catch a single individual during thirty long years of assiduous hunting. And this dream soon became a reality.

Some days afterwards, while visiting the estate of one of his friends, in the midst of forests of maritime pines, he set about another *cerceris* hunt. Their dens were easily recognised. They were exclusively excavated in the principal alleys of the garden, where the compact and well-trodden soil offered the necessary conditions of solidity for the establishment of the insect's domicile. He examined, in the sweat of his brow, about twenty nests; for the work is not so easy as might be imagined. The treasures, and consequently the treasures, are never less than a foot underground. The best plan to effect the burglary is to thrust into the orifice of the mine a straw or a long stem of grass, to serve as a conducting clue, and then to sap round it with a garden spade, so as to lift out the central lump of earth in one or

two pieces, and then break it up circumspectly on the ground.

Lively were the perspiring huntsman's transports every time he exposed to view a fresh collection of beetles blazing with copper, emeralds, and gold, and which glittered all the brighter for the burning sunshine. Never, during his long career as a naturalist, had he gazed on such a spectacle, or enjoyed such a treat. He knew not which to admire most—the brilliant coleoptera, or the wonderful sagacity of the cerceres who had put them in store. Incredible as it may seem, amongst more than four hundred individuals so warehoused, the closest investigation could not find the smallest fragment which did not belong to the genus *Buprestis*. The learned collectors, though simple hymenoptera, had not once committed the most trifling mistake.

The cerceres show themselves to be no fools, by the way in which they shape and stock their subterranean nurseries. We have seen that they select hard, solid soil, well beaten, and exposed to sunshine. This choice implies an intelligence, or, if you prefer it, an instinct, which we might feel inclined to believe the result of experience. Light or sandy soils would undoubtedly be much easier to perforate, but they would be continually apt to give way and cave in. Our insect digs her gallery by means of her mandibles and her anterior tarsi, which, for this purpose, are garnished with teeth, like those of a rake. She makes the entrance wider than the diameter of her body, because it has to admit a prey of larger dimensions than herself. The gallery is not vertical, which would make it liable to be filled up by the wind and other causes. Not far from its origin it makes a bend, which usually runs, for seven or eight inches from south to north, returning then to its first direction. Beyond the termination of this final gallery the careful mother places her progeny's cradles. These latter are five separate and independent cells, disposed in a sort of semicircle, hollowed into the form and size of an olive, polished and solid in their interior. Each cell is large enough to contain three buprestes, the ordinary ration allowed to each larva. It appears that the mother fly lays one egg in the midst of the three victims, and then closes the cell with earth in such a way that when the provisioning of the whole of the brood is concluded, all communication with the gallery ceases to exist.

When the cerceris returns from hunting

with her quarry between her paws, she alights at the door of her underground lodging, and deposits it there for half a moment. Entering the gallery backwards, she seizes the helpless victim in her jaws, and drags it to the very bottom. Her visits are not confined to the time of providing her family with food. About the middle of August, when the buprestes are devoured, and the larvæ are hermetically sealed in their cocoons, the cerceris is seen to enter her gallery without bringing anything with her. It is clear that the anxious mother wishes to make sure, by repeated visits, that no enemy or accident threatens to destroy her progeny.

But by what inconceivable impulse is the cerceris, who feeds herself on nothing but the pollen of flowers, urged to procure, in spite of a thousand difficulties, a total different diet for descendants whom she will never behold, and to lie in wait on trees so dissimilar as oaks and pines, for the insects which are destined to become her prey? What entomological tact compels her strictly to confine herself, in the choice of her game, to one single generic group of insects of which she seems the born foe, and all the while capturing species which differ considerably amongst themselves in length, dimensions, and configuration?

The innate propensity which induces the cerceris to construct a nest for her young deep in the ground, manifests an instinct at once marvellous and sublime. That depth indicates that the tender larvæ will have to pass the winter snug in their burrows. Her maternal solicitude places them out of the reach of the inclemency of winter. And yet this careful mother will never see her offspring. Nor has experience given her the slightest hint that such things as winter and its frosts exist, since she came into the world during the great heats of summer, and after having provided for the future destinies of her family, she dies before the temperature is sensibly lowered. How can such facts be accounted for by any imaginable process of natural selection or progressive development? The phenomena are inexplicable, except by a belief in Divine Providence and Creative Wisdom.

The unearthing of the nests of the cerceris reveals a very singular fact. The buried buprestes, though showing no signs of life, are always perfectly fresh, as though killed that very day. Their colours are bright and life-like; their legs, antennæ, and the membranes which unite the segments of

their body are perfectly supple and flexible. It was at first supposed that their preservation was owing to the coolness of the soil, and the absence of light and air. But there must be some other cause of their incorruptibility, since twenty-four hours after the death of a beetle in summer its internal organs are either dried up or decomposed. The female *cerceris*, like the great majority of the hymenoptera, is furnished with a sting and a poison-bag, and the guess was natural that the subtle liquid which inflicted death possessed antiseptic properties, preventing putrefaction. No one suspected that the captured and doomed buprestes were not really dead.

The real truth was discovered by M. Fabre, while observing the proceedings of the tuberculated *cerceris*, the largest European species, and divulged by him in the *Annales des Sciences Naturelles*. This *cerceris* excavates its burrows, and stores them with food during the last half of September. Instead of a flat footpath, it selects a vertical bank, but is not particular about the quality of the soil if it be but dry, and have a sunny aspect. The galleries are entirely the work of the females, who do not disdain to save themselves trouble by repairing burrows of the preceding year.

The victim selected by this *cerceris* is a large species of the weevil tribe, the *Cleonus ophthalmicus*. If the *Bupresticide cerceris*, without going beyond the limits of a genus, indiscriminately captures any of the species of that genus, the tuberculated *cerceris*, more exclusive, confines itself to a single species. One is curious to know the motives which influence so singular and decided a choice. There may be differences of flavour and of nutritious qualities in the respective game, which the larvæ doubtless appreciate, but the mother insect is probably guided by anatomical rather than gastronomical considerations.

After what M. Dufour has told us respecting the wonderful preservation of the insects destined to feed carnivorous larvæ, it is needless to add that the weevils deposited in the burrows or captive in the claws of their mortal enemy, although deprived for ever of all power of motion, are as completely untainted as when alive and active. Vivid hues, supple joints, healthy viscera, all conspire to make us doubt that the inert body lying before us is a veritable corpse, and we look at it with the expectation that we shall see the insect get up and walk away. In the presence of such facts,

it is difficult to believe in the action of an antiseptic liquid. Life, we feel assured, must still be there, although latent and passive. Life only, still resisting the destructive invasion of chemical forces, can thus preserve an organism from decomposition. Life is still there, minus sensibility and motion. We have before us a marvel which neither ether nor chloroform are capable of effecting, and for whose cause we must refer to the mysterious laws of the nervous system.

The important point was to ascertain the way in which the murder was committed. With some difficulty, M. Fabre succeeded in surprising the assassin in the fact. The *cerceris* thrust her poisoned dart two or three times into the joint of the weevil's prothorax, between the first and second pair of legs. In the twinkling of an eye the deed was done. Without the slightest convulsive pang, without any of those twitchings of the limbs which accompany an animal's dying agony, the victim fell motionless forever, as if struck by lightning. The stroke was terrible and admirable in its rapidity. Instantly the victor turned the vanquished on its back, seized it and flew off with it to her hidden den. By the effect of a microscopic puncture and an imperceptible drop of liquid, the weevil instantly lost all power of motion. But chemistry possesses no such subtle poison; consequently, we must inquire for the cause at the hands of anatomy and physiology. And to comprehend the mystery we must consider not so much the subtlety of the inoculated venom as the importance of the wounded organs, which are precisely the thoracic ganglions, whence spring the nerves which preside over all the motions of the creature's wings and legs.

The *cerceres* who, with a single stroke, benumb the animal functions of their prey, select precisely those species in which this nervous centralisation is the most complete. The buprestes suit them, because the nervous centres of the mesothorax and the metathorax are confounded in one single mass; the weevil suits them, because the three thoracic ganglions lie very close together, the two last even touching each other. The grand puzzle still remains unsolved: Who taught the assassin *cerceres* these refined secrets of anatomy?

The *cerceres* are not the only insects who display a like manifestation of marvellous foresight. The wasp family includes, besides the species which live in large com-

munities and build complex nests, like the hornet and the common wasp, others which lead a solitary life. One of these, the *Odynerus spinipes*, performs its task between the end of May and the beginning of July. Its first operation is to excavate a burrow, in clayey soil or stiff loam, at the further end of which it fashions a cell, plastering it neatly with home-made mortar. Each cell receives one egg.

The *odynerus* is a jack-of-all-trades. After working as a mason, it now plays the sportsman, beating the lucerne fields for the larvæ of a weevil. As soon as caught, it inflicts on each a wound which, without killing, paralyses them, arrests their growth, and retains them in the condition of living prey, incapable of resisting the worm which is to feed on them. At the bottom of each nest, close to the *odynerus's* egg, you will find a dozen green caterpillars rolled head and tail together, stuck by the back against the walls of the cell, without the possibility of moving.

The reason for this arrangement is clear. The *odynerus* lays only one egg in each cell. From that egg will issue a carnivorous worm who would disdain to eat stale or tainted meat. He must have fresh, tender, juicy, living game. His mother knows his peculiar tastes, and takes measures beforehand to indulge them. She fills the cell with animals which he will only have to devour one after the other, although their size enormously exceeds his own when he first comes forth from his egg. He eats the larva nearest at hand, without troubling himself about the future. He then proceeds to the second, then to the third, and so on till the twelfth course is eaten. Twelve caterpillars, one per day, neither more nor less, are his precise allowance. His mother, well aware of the required number, never exceeds it. Her entomological knowledge is still more surprising. She hunts after one single species of larvæ, and, what is still more curious, selects them all of nearly the same age. Disdaining larvæ that are too small for her purpose, she spares herself no trouble to find up those who are old and strong enough to bear a fast without perishing. If they died in the nest, and putrefied there, the stench would render it unbearable. Thanks to the peculiar wound she inflicts, their vital functions are instantly suspended; but life exists in a degree sufficient to preserve them from decay until they have satisfied the wants of the young *odynerus*, who then undergoes his

metamorphosis, tears open his chrysalis shell with his teeth, shakes, unfolds, and essays his wings, and then launches boldly into air and sunshine.

"What admirable maternal instinct!" some will exclaim. Others, looking farther, will add, "What marvellous providential combination!"

AN AUTUMN DAWN.

THE sun-mist spreads a woof of quivering gold
On the blue mountain-tops, and o'er the crest
Of mighty Skiddaw, seamed with many a scar
By the fierce storms of ages, lies a cloud,
A crimson cloud, gold-fringed, and beautiful,
As is Aurora's brow, when from her couch
She, rosy-fingered, rises radiant,
Veiling her white limbs from the God of Day.

Upon the armoured furze the cunning work
Of spiders spreads its silver tracery,
Glistening with morning dew; and yellowing tufts
Of brake-grass, withered by the early frosts,
Give covert to the lark, whose clear shrill pipe
Wakes the hill-echoes with its melody,
Sole minstrel of these wilds.

The autumn tints,
Purple, and red, and chrome, are on the fells,
With scarce an eye, save that of shepherd boy,
To drink their wondrous beauty. On the wing,
In solitary state, the goshawk skims
The vast expanse of sky. Fair, bright, and pure,
Sweet, calm, and mellow, holy, grand, and still,
Voiceless, yet speaking with a thousand tongues,
Breaks forth the radiance of this autumn dawn.

"EXCEPT THE MAYOR."

WHO told me, I wonder, and when and where was I told, a preposterous story, with nothing in it, but which tickled me strangely at the time, and which has never failed so to titillate my risible sense, to this day? The tale went thus wise. Some four decades since, when the Municipal Corporations Reform Act was passed, a number of respectable towns in England became boroughs, and were not only privileged to return members to parliament, but likewise received charters of incorporation, and were consequently empowered to elect a mayor, aldermen, and town council for purposes of local self-government. I can remember, indeed, when Brighton the magnificent was destitute of such dignitaries, and was only the Hundred of Her-ringbone, governed by a high constable; but the town of which I am about to speak, and which I will discreetly allude to under the name of Frogborough, was distant at least a hundred and fifty miles from the queen of watering-places, and was situate in quite a different part of the island. It was a very small town; but had become, mentally, so prodigiously inflated by its accession of importance as the seat of a

mayor and corporation, that the Gazetteers might have changed its name to Oxborough; and if it went on swelling in its own estimation in a proportionate ratio, I should not be surprised to hear that it had burst long ago. There alighted, one evening, at the principal hotel at Frogborough—it had only been an inn prior to the passing of the Mayor-giving Act—a certain personage whom I will call the Irreverent Traveller. He was a hungry traveller, too, and immediately after he had flung his baggage to the boots, demanded supper in a voice of thunder. It was the landlord who condescended to bring his repast, and to wait upon him while he partook of it; and for two good reasons did mine host so stoop to conquer. In the first place, his only waiter was assisting at an entertainment given that very evening by his worship the mayor of Frogborough; in the next, the landlord could not but think that a traveller with such a loud voice as that possessed by the Irreverent one, must be a personage of some importance. The traveller partook of a dishful of eggs and ham; two “helps” of cold roast beef; a considerable amount of pie, and a prodigious quantity of pickles; and made no more of a crusty quartern loaf than though it had been a French roll. He drank a pint and a half of strong ale, and two glasses of brandy-and-water; and then, flicking the crumbs off his knees with a great bandana handkerchief, he drew a deep breath, and slapping the landlord on the back—I warned you that he was an Irreverent Traveller—exclaimed:

“There! no man in England could have a better supper than I’ve had this night.”

The landlord didn’t mind being slapped on the back, for the guest looked like one who could afford to pay for such familiarities. Still, there was something in the dogmatical manner of the traveller that pained him, and he gave an “ahem!” in a deprecating tone.

“What’s that?” cried the guest, in a voice like unto the sound of a trumpet.

“I beg your pardon, sir,” the landlord began in a tone subdued but firm.

“WHAT?” repeated the traveller in stentorian accents.

“You said,” the landlord went on, politely but seriously, “that no man in England could have supped better than you have done this night.”

“Of course I did,” retorted the guest.

“No man could have supped better.”

“Except the mayor,” said the host, quietly but solemnly.

“Except whom?” roared the traveller.

“The mayor—his worship the mayor of Frogborough—he’s a supping now,” the landlord, still deeply agitated, but still determined, replied.

“Hang the mayor of Frogborough!” shouted the Irreverent Traveller; “and tell him, with my compliments, that he may go to Bath.”

The landlord gazed for an instant at the iconoclast, and then rushed from his presence, calling for the constables.

They locked the Irreverent Traveller up in the cage; and the next day they brought him up before the borough bench, charging him with fearful crimes. The country was in a disturbed state just then, and a vinous postboy came forward to swear that the traveller had confided to him his complete approval of the principles contained in Cobbett’s Register. It was currently reported, too—being market-day—that the prisoner had been discovered lurking under the lee of a hayrick with a tinder-box and matches in one pocket, and an air-gun in the other, and at the farmers’ ordinary the rumour ran that he was SWING.

The end of the judicial investigation was the discharge, “with a caution,” of the traveller; whereupon the Irreverent one, planting his hat firmly on his head, delivered himself of the following seditious words:

“I shall be cautious, indeed, before I venture into this poky hole of a town again; and allow me to add, that of all the stupid old fools I ever met with, the landlord of your hotel is the greatest—except the mayor.”

He turned and fled, and justice was robbed of her prey.

How often, and in how many countries, has this idle jest occurred to me, often without rhyme or reason, and, in most instances, without any effort of volition on my part. But who has not his particular “ticklement?” The old story of the man at Stoney Stratford, who was so terribly bitten by fleas, and the older one still, of the ruined gamester who kicked his valet for always tying his shoe, will never want laughers.

“Except the mayor.” I should be ashamed to revert to this Frogborough story in this place, but that it has some tangible relation to certain circumstances in which I found myself on the evening of the Ninth of November last. I should have been in bed, for I was ill; but by a strange turn of Fortune’s whirlingig I found myself arrayed in that solemn mockery of woe which is known as

evening costume, and standing on a scarlet covered dais, and by the side of a Chair, which, so splendid were its adornments, might, without any amplitude of language, have been termed a Throne, in the council chamber of the Guildhall of the City of London. It was close upon seven in the evening, and, my infirm health notwithstanding, I had a not unpleasant persuasion that dinner-time was at hand.

But how on earth did I contrive to find myself on that dais? The high places are not for me; of that fact I am fully aware. Below the salt, behind the screen, or in a high-up gallery looking down on festivities in which I was not, personally, privileged to participate, was, I knew full well, the proper and normal position which I should have occupied. How had I come hither? Physically, by means of the Metropolitan Railway from South Kensington to Cannon-street, and thence on my legs to Guildhall. But, morally, fortune, fate, chance, my "kismet," my star, my good or evil genius, had brought me to this pass; and, being there, I will not conceal the fact that I felt horribly uncomfortable. I am not fond of thrusting myself where I am not wanted. I shun the society of the great. I never talk to people in omnibuses, or railway trains, or at hotel table d'hôtes. I don't know the members of my own club. I don't know my fellow-shoppers in the establishment where I serve. I never picked up a friend at a watering-place. I never made but one chance acquaintance in my life. He was a charming man, and gave me his card; and a few days afterwards I read in the papers that he had been brought up at Bow-street on a charge of bigamy. Not but that a bigamist may be charming.

But I was desperately wretched on the dais because I happened to be the only person there in plain evening dress. "They can't take me for the American minister," I reasoned with myself, "because the name of his Excellency, who is standing within half a dozen paces of me, has been twice called out in the hearing of the brilliant assembly; and, besides, being a general officer in the American service, he is attired in a uniform closely resembling that of a British rear-admiral. Nor can it be assumed that I am the minister from Liberia; for, lo, he is black." For a moment I took cowardly refuge in the thought that I might pass for an M.P. for an Irish constituency; but alas! all the members of the Honourable House on the dais had had their styles and titles proclaimed. I indulged at last in the humble hope that

the company might think I was a waiter despatched from the hall to say that dinner was ready. That fiction perhaps might go down with the First Lord of the Admiralty, or the Queen's Ancient Sergeant, or the Chilian chargé d'affaires (they were all close to me); but I was guiltily conscious that the idea would not be for one moment entertained by certain officials of the corporation, whom I saw standing below the "haut pas" on the floor of the council chamber. I felt that the mace-bearer's eye was upon me. I shrank beneath the searching gaze of the common crier. What would I not have given to conciliate the placid old gentleman who wears the fur porringer on his head, and carries the sword of civic state? They knew full well that I was not present to proclaim the readiness of the banquet. Familiar with the minutest traditions of municipal hospitality, they knew that dinner would be announced by a personage in a court-suit, and with a flourish of trumpets. When you find yourself in places where you have no ostensible right to be present, there always remains open the loophole of saying that you are "a gentleman connected with the press." But, woe is me! on the evening of the Ninth of November I had not the remotest connexion with the press; and I had, besides, the uneasy consciousness that several gentlemen really affiliated to that valuable institution, and formerly my colleagues thereupon, were surveying me scornfully from afar off, and whispering among themselves, "Just like his confounded impudence. How the deuce did he get there?" It wasn't my fault. I owed my card of invitation to the banquet to the courtesy of a deservedly popular sheriff, and at an earlier period of the evening, after making my way to the dais, and paying the customary obeisances to the chief magistrate, I had endeavoured quietly to slip into the background, or into some quiet corridor, where, behind some bust, or flowering plant, I might see the grand folks passing in procession to the banqueting-hall. Woe! I was standing tranquilly on a common councillor's toes, and behind the towering chignon of a deputy's wife, when I was amicably taken into custody by an under-sheriff, and informed that I was to escort the daughter of an exalted civic functionary to the hall. I do declare that, at that moment, I would have preferred the tap on the shoulder from a sheriff's officer to the friendly message of the under-sheriff; but mightier magnificoes remained behind. The under-sheriff

himself was a sight splendid to behold. Point-lace cravat, embroidered waistcoat, cut-steel buttons, bright-hilted sword, bagwig, pink silk legs, patent leather shoes, every sumptuary luxury had been bestowed upon him. "Better," I thought, inwardly groaning, "the hooked nose and greasy surt-out of Mr. Rabshekah of Chancery-lane." There was no help. Clearly there was no making a run for it. I gave myself up, with dogged resignation, to Fate, as though the under-sheriff's summons had only been preliminary to the apparition of another municipal functionary on the scene—with the night-cap and the pinioning straps.

There are some people who could have borne this kind of thing with perfect equanimity; nay, who would have found themselves quite at home on this square island of scarlet cloth, in the midst of an ocean of gas and watchful eyes. I don't speak of those who are to the manner born. Of course, the Chancellor of the Exchequer can meet the gaze of the Home Secretary without quailing. The plenipotentiary from the Venezuelan Republic is not afraid of the minister from Honduras, and the Prime Minister is not afraid of anybody. These good folks are upon terms of mutual equality; but, on the other hand, I know several Toms, and Dicks, and Harrys, members, as I am, of the "lower middle classes," who can stand any amount of aristocratic fill without flinching. They like to be among their betters, and so let them know that they, Tom, Dick, and Harry, are there. Observe Tom when, as secretary to the Invalided Rabbit-skin Sellers' Association, he welcomes the Duke of Haresfoot to the annual dinner, at which his grace is to take the chair. He patronises the august nobleman; I saw him once poke the peer in the ribs as his grace was taking his coffee after the banquet. He was telling him a funny story, evidently. Could *you* tell a funny story to a duke? I couldn't. Admire Dick, again, when he meets the Earl of Sablejamb—whom he saw last year at Homburg—when he comes across him in Pall Mall. "Halloa! old fellow," he cries, "what a jolly time of it we had when we last met." Sablejamb, who is as proud as Lucifer, save when he wants to borrow a ten-pound note, tries hard to cross the road; but the unabashed Dick pursues him, shouting out an invitation for my lord to come and dine with him at the Rollicking Rams' Club—a dreadful place, with a nominal subscription, and where they drink beer from the pewter. Marvel at Harry button-holing a bishop—a live

bishop—on the steps of the Athenæum, and holding him in familiar converse, on the strength of having sat next to him at a meeting of the Society for suppressing Indigence by means of the Lash. I say that there are people who can do these things. I aver, candidly, that I cannot; and I thank my stars that I have still nerves and ideas befitting the lowliness of my station, and that I am heartily frightened of the Lord Chancellor. On that memorable Ninth his lordship's golden robe rustled against me; and some of the powder from his ambrosial wig actually came off on my nose. I saw his shoes—his glorious buckled shoes. Hitherto I had only known chancellors from the waist upwards, as we know one of Mr. Attenborough's assistants. I felt faint. Reason tottered on her throne. Was I, by the act of standing on that dais, in contempt of the High Court of Chancery? Should I fling myself at the cancellarian feet and cry, "Mercy. I unfile all my bills; I revoke all my answers; I will consent to the costs being costs in the cause: only forgive and spare me the terrors of the Third Seal?" I am not an eaves-dropper; but from my propinquity I could not choose but hear that the Keeper of the Queen's Conscience was talking to a Justice in Eyre about the weather. Justices in Eyre, bah! they were drugs in this market of splendour. I mentally snapped my fingers at them. The Corps Diplomatique, the Elder Brethren of the Trinity House, the Court of Lieutenancy, and such small deer, I took but little account of. I had touched the wig of the greatest personage in all this realm of England—except the MAYOR.

Ay! there he was, in his golden prime, and at once recalled the legend of the Irreverent being who contemned the worshipful mayor of Frogborough. That landlord who resented the outrage was, after all, in the right. What were chancellors, premiers, ambassadors, bishops, justices in Eyre, and elder brethren of the Trinity House, on this instant Ninth of November in comparison with the mayor of famous London town? I could not help at the same time bringing to mind that drolly exaggerated account of a lord mayor's career given by Theodore Hook in Gilbert Gurney; and that dismally dramatic scene conjured up by the novelist of the ex-lord mayor returning on the night of the expiration of his year of splendour to his drysalter's warehouse in a dingy City lane. All his good fellowship with his majesty's ministers and the foreign ambassadors had come to an end. No more did his wife and daughters dance with princes and nobles.

He had reverted once more to the rank of a mere vulgar Cit; and shortly afterwards, walking on the Steyne at Brighton with his family, he—only a few days since lord mayor, and the entertainer of princes—was horrified at being accosted by a brother tradesman who reminded him that he owed him sundry shillings for a barrel of coal-tar used for painting a pigstye.

When I had gotten over my fright about the dais and the big-wigs upon it, and had walked demurely in the skirts of the procession round the tables of the banqueting-hall—the lovely and accomplished daughter of the civic dignitary to whom I gave my trembling arm little knew how much more in need of her smelling-bottle I was than she could be—when I had got comfortably wedged in my seat at table, between an affable gentleman in a blue coat thickly splashed with gold—I fear that he had something to do with the r-y-l household—and the domestic chaplain of an aldermanic or shrieval grandee; when the view of my neighbours opposite was happily obstructed by a colossal epergne piled high with grapes, and surmounted by a hot-house pine, on which, when the company rose at the bidding of the toast-master, I felt inclined to browse, as a cameleopard nibbles at the topmost branches of a tall tree; when the dishes of passing waiters behind me had been accurately dug between my eighth and ninth dorsal vertebræ; when I had heard the Guards' band discoursing sweet music in the gallery; and when in fine the banquet, and the clattering of plates, and the chinking of glasses, and the popping of champagne corks had come to an end, and we had leisure for a little ice and fruit, and quiet chat before the speech-making began, I could not help thinking that the times—so far as civic festivities were concerned—had altered very wonderfully since the days of Theodore Hook. Where were the guttling and guzzling and gormandising one used to hear about as chronic at City banquets? We had, it is true, turtle, both thick and clear; but I heard no squabbles about callipash and callipee, no clamorous demands for green fat; and I observed that an alderman at the next table to mine positively ordered julienne soup and eschewed turtle altogether. My neighbour in the coat splashed with gold dined on the wing of a pheasant and a tumbler of hock-and-seltzer; and to my amazement I perceived that a decanter of port by the side of the domestic chaplain remained wholly untasted throughout the evening. There was no custard, and no

Lord Mayor's fool to jump into it as in the olden time; and I had been taught by attentive study of City traditions that the guests at Guildhall on the Ninth of November ought to "wallow in mustard." There were no sprats. Should not the first sprats of the season be served at the Lord Mayor's table in Guildhall? The loving-cup went round; and the usual expressive pantomime went on among the guests who partook of that famous "drinkhael," but it branched off somehow before it reached me; and I still lack "some one to love," in a parcel-gilt goblet. I looked up to see whether Gog and Magog were still in their old places. Yes; the affable giants were, as usual, on guard: but they were perfectly sober. So were the eight hundred and seventy-two guests beneath them. Everybody sat demurely at table; nobody was under it. People who should have been cracking t'other bottle were trifling with water-ice and wafer-cakes; and shortly after the termination of the Premier's speech, I distinctly heard a common councilman observe to a secondary, that he should like to slip out and get a quiet cigar. A common councilman wishing to smoke! He wore a full beard and moustache also, which increased my astonishment. There were no marrow-bones. There were no peacocks, served with their tails displayed, nor did I see any ruffs and reeves. Vast sirloins of beef were indeed carved with much state and ceremony, in lofty pulpits on either side of the porch of entrance; but the beef was cold. The entire dinner, in fact, save at the upper table, where an elegant repast à la Russe was served, was cold. It might have been a collation given to inaugurate the opening of a new branch of the Dan, Beersheba, and Dondaniel Railway. It much more resembled an elegant and business-like reunion of that nature, than such a revolting display of coarse gluttony and wine-bibbing as is pictured by Hogarth in his Sheriff's Feast plate in Industry and Idleness.

I was quite satisfied, however, after having frugally, but succulently, dined on a plate of turtle, a spoonful of lobster-salad, a preserved greengage, some ice pudding, and several filberts. I had never been in Guildhall before on a festive occasion. The sight to me was a really glorious one; and I delighted in it because it had been my fortune to witness some of the most memorable of the pageantries which have occurred during my time. Yes, I had witnessed very nearly all of them; and, if

not as a guest, at least as a spectator I had watched the pomps and vanities of most of the great ones of the earth—except the Mayor. Having seen him, I may humbly express my opinion that, although his surroundings have somewhat changed, he himself is not in the least altered, but is as powerful and influential a chief magistrate as ever a Whittington or a Gresham has been among his predecessors. The Men in Brass cumber his pageant no more; and his barge is laid up in ordinary. He has ceased to go swan-hopping, and it is a long time since he has shut the gates of Temple Bar in the face of royalty. He might even, perhaps, be able to dispense with Gog and Magog, and the City marshal, and the placid old retainer with the fur porringer on his head; but he would still be the Head of the most ancient, the most charitable, the most hospitable city in the world. I thought, as I wended my way homewards after the dinner, smoking that cigar which the common councilman had longed for, that there might be a good many things in the City of London requiring, if not abolition, at least thorough reform. Perhaps the revenues of the Battledore and Shuttlecock Makers' Company are slightly mismanaged. Perhaps St. Wapshot's Hospital is not quite in the state it should be. Certainly the congregationless City churches should be disestablished. Assuredly St. Paul's-churchyard needs re-arrangement. Indubitably Temple Bar should go by the board. "Revolution may come," I muttered somewhat sleepily alighting from my cab, "revolution may upset most things for aught I care—except the Mayor. He is a better Chief Citizen than any prefect, syndic, burgo-master, or gonfaloniere that I wot of." Whereupon I went to bed, and dreamt of that untasted loving-cup, and that everybody had partaken of it—except the Mayor.

GEOFFREY LUTTRELL'S NARRATIVE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "IN THAT STATE OF LIFE," &c

IN ELEVEN CHAPTERS. CHAPTER IX.

THE course of events during the next four years may be briefly told. As regards my life, and those with which it had hitherto been so closely bound, circumstances had separated us completely. Harry Walbrooke and I scarcely ever met now; and yet he was master of the Grange. The squire was dead; Mrs. Walbrooke and Lena were abroad; and as I never heard from

Mrs. Ridgway of Hapsbury, I did not venture to write to her. Thus the links were all severed; and the little I knew of those who had been and were still so dear to me, was by rumour, some faint echo of which penetrated even to my solitude.

The fact is, my poor friend's course was a downward one from the time Assunta married. He became utterly reckless, and led a life of dissipation during the few months he remained with Mr. Strahan, after the morning when I broke the fatal news to him, which divided us further every day. His associates were very distasteful to me; but I would not have shrunk from them, if my joining the parties to which he constantly invited me would have done him any good; but it would not; and as I had to work very hard for my bread at that time, the interruption of labour would have been serious. Then followed that gradual slackening of intimacy which is inevitable when the tenour of one man's life is a silent protest against his friend's. Between him and his uncle the feud remained unhealed, and he never saw the squire again alive. Mr. Walbrooke, who might be said to be still in the prime of life, and whose obstinacy—not to speak of his affection—would have suffered keenly in disinheriting Harry, and so owning himself worsted in the long-sustained contest with his favourite nephew, delayed altering his will from week to week, in the hope that speedy ruin might bring the wretched boy to seek forgiveness. The strong man, in his pride, had no thought of being dispossessed; but one stronger than he came suddenly into his house by night, and in the morning Squire Walbrooke of the Grange lay dead. By a will, dated five years before, all his landed estates passed to Harry, charged with a large jointure to Mrs. Walbrooke, and a certain sum to Lena. And so it came to pass that, in her bitter irony, Fortune cast this ill-deserved gift at Harry's feet—just nine months too late to save him from lifelong ruin and misery. Ah, had Assunta but waited! How cruel it seemed!

The young squire went down and took possession of the Grange, and his connexion with Strahan's of course ceased. But a number of so-called "friends," whom he had made in his short London career, followed him ere long, and every fast man from Oxford, and every needy sportsman in the county, who wanted a good mount and cared for a good bottle of claret, found his way to the Grange. In such company I should have been very much out of

place; these men and I had no one idea in common, and to witness their orgies, and to see foolish, generous-hearted Harry allowing his substance to be devoured by these vultures would have only made me angry. I refused all his pressing invitations. "If you ever are alone, and want me, I will come to you," I said, "but not when your army of swashbucklers is with you—don't ask me." And he did not after a while. I heard of him, alas! from time to time, and what I heard was as bad as it could well be. The life at the Grange was a scandal to the whole county; it was said that there was scarcely a night that the young squire went to bed sober, and even once in the hunting-field he had been in a condition which necessitated his being taken home. His uncle's old friends (particularly those who had marriageable daughters) bore with this state of things as long as it was possible; but when every effort to lure him into the decent, if dull, society of the neighbourhood proved abortive, they gave him up; it was felt to be impossible for steady old fathers of families to continue going to the Grange.

Harry and Assunta had never met, nor were they likely to do so, though living only twenty-five miles apart; inasmuch as Mrs. Ridgway, of Hapsbury, it was said, never went outside the park gates, and within them the young squire had, of course, never set foot. His animosity against Mr. Ridgway was well known, and broke out on the mere mention of that gentleman's name into the bitterest scoffs; but of the lady he was never known to speak. Rumours of the life she led I suppose must have reached him; he must have heard of her through Lena, who corresponded with her friend from time to time. But these letters would have told him little of the truth, as he must have known; and it is certain that, from the moment he heard of her marriage, he ceased to try and hold any sort of communication with the object of his unhappy passion. Perhaps I was the only person in the world who guessed that he had not forgotten her; and that he vainly imagined the life of violent exercise and moral excess would act as a styptic to the wound which still bled when it was touched. Not that he ever spoke to me of her, even in the early days of wrath and bitterness; indeed, he expressly begged me never to allude to the past, or to anything that should remind him of his loss.

It only remains for me to add, before I take up the thread of my narrative again, that, in spite of constant and anxious en-

deavours to learn all I possibly could of Mrs. Ridgway, the information I gained was but meagre. Mr. Ridgway and his wife led a very secluded life. They had no children. Mrs. Ridgway was not supposed to be a happy woman; but very little seemed to be known about her. Mr. Ridgway discouraged intimacy with any neighbours. At certain stated intervals he received them all with sumptuous courtesy (I believe it would be a misuse of the word to call it hospitality); for, since his marriage, most of those who had kept aloof from him, had come forward, and for the sake of the young wife were disposed to forget any sinister rumours regarding the husband. But it was as though he said, "Now that I have conquered these people, they shall see that I care nothing for their society. They receive me; they come to my house; it is enough." He declined all invitations. A few savants, dilettanti, and stray foreigners of various kinds, stayed at Hapsbury from time to time; and sometimes the magnates of those parts were bidden to meet them. This, as far as I could gather, was the only intercourse between Mr. and Mrs. Ridgway and their neighbours.

It chanced in the February of 1831 that I had occasion to make a journey to Peterborough on professional business. During my stay there, I learnt that the day coach from that city to York passed within a few miles of Hapsbury, which was not more than forty miles from Peterborough. My business concluded, I was in no special hurry to return home, and a temptation, which will sound strange to many, urged me, now I was so near, to go on to Hapsbury, or at least into its immediate vicinity, and learn what I could of my poor Assunta, even if I was unable to see her, for I had been given to understand that Mrs. Ridgway was generally denied to morning visitors. Acting upon this impulse, which I found irresistible, I took my place in the coach one morning, and was at the small town of L. early in the afternoon. From there, with a knapsack on my back, I walked over to the village of Hapsbury, some six miles distant. There had been a long drought, and the road was as deep in limestone dust as though it had been summer, the result of which was that my old painting-blouse and cap, my hair, eyelashes, every part of my outward man, was thickly powdered over, and I resembled nothing so much as an indigent baker or bricklayer out of work. In fact, one charitably-minded old gentleman on a cob did actually throw me sixpence, for which

I touched my cap, thinking it would only distress him, and check the stream of his benevolence towards the next wayfarer, if I explained his error. So much to account for the fact that when I entered the tap-room of the little public at Hapsbury, and found three men over their pipes and beer, two of whom were unmistakably tramps, the third a boosy labourer, they viewed me without suspicion, and continued to discourse freely, as before one of their own caste. The tramps were bound for Nottingham, Hapsbury lying on the high road, I found, between that city and L., which I had just left. The discussion, as I entered, was as to the relative excellence of various roads. At first I understood this to refer to their paving, which in some parts of the country is but bad walking. It was, however, as I soon learnt, the moral rather than the physical aspect of the king's highway, which the worthy couple had under consideration.

"Nottingham to Leicester's a betterer road nor this. I left ten crosses and three double crosses behind me the last time as I done that 'ere road," said one speaker, looking round with an air of satisfaction, not unmixed with pride.

"Besides dots?" asked the other.

"Besides dots. They're the softest 'earted lot you ever see. It's true that this 'ere way, there's one 'ouse as is always good for five crosses."

"What do that mean?" asked the boosy labourer, taking the pipe from his mouth, his leaden eye lighted up with a gleam of curiosity.

"Why, every cross is a tizzy, to be sure, and a tizzy's a sixpence, if you don't know," said the first speaker, with an air of profound contempt for bucolic ignorance.

"And what's dots?"

"Dots is brownies, as we call 'em sometimes, that's pence. We don't make much account hov a road as 'as got nothin' but dots along the palin's. Now this 'ere lady's one o' the right sort, poor thing. I s'pose she's kep' in a kind o' prison, for scores and scores o' times as I come this way, she's al'ays at that same winder, and she's always good for 'alf-a-crown. Indeed, for any chap as 'as a squaller——"

"What's a squaller?" said the rustic, resolved to satisfy his legitimate thirst for information, regardless of the traveller's scorn.

"Why, bless your 'eart, a squaller's a brat as squalls, to be sure. I might ha'

bought Mary Hanne's squaller for ten bob, and wery good interest it'd ha' paid me for my money. This 'ere good lady al'ays gives five bob to a squaller, they tells me. I s'pose she's never a child of 'er own, eh?"

"Noa." Here the fellow scratched his head, and added, after a pause, "she's be a loanesome life, folks say; but the squire be foine and rich, any ways. Eh, but money be a foine thing."

"And be 'im as charitable as 'er?" asked the second tramp; and turning to his fellow-labourer, he murmured something in a low voice, of which I only caught the words, "distressed hoperatives." But the spark of cupidity, if kindled, was quickly extinguished.

"Noa, noa. You'll not be gettin' the blind side o' th' squire. It be th' missis as be for the givin'. He be all for argyfyng; and when he lost his tri'le 'gain th' village, 'bout th' path, he were that riled, he never give us nothin' no moure. They tells me as th' parson's tried to stan' up again him for t' argyfy, but it warn't no good; he wouldn't give a ha'porth to th' school along o' that 'ere path."

This was a dark saying to me, and as the conversation changed soon after, I took advantage of the landlord's entry to ask for a bedroom, and to order some dinner. But as I saw from his face that my appearance did not inspire him with much confidence (which was what I wanted, at that moment, more even than the bed or dinner), I followed him into the passage, and taking some money from my pocket, I showed it him, and said:

"Though I wear a shabby coat, I will pay my way—don't be afraid."

And upon mine host protesting that nothing was further from his thoughts, we drifted into an amicable discourse, which I led gradually to the subject of Squire Ridgway and "his lady." I learnt that the state of feeling between the squire and his village was anything but pleasant, owing to a right of way across his park, which he had vainly endeavoured to stop up. This path led directly under the window of Mrs. Ridgway's boudoir, and was a poisoned thorn in the side of the exclusive "man of taste." Mine host was of opinion that to the pale, lonely lady, sitting for ever at her window, and debarred, by the existing feud, from even visiting the poor, the sight of the labourer, plodding homewards after his day's work, of the rosy milk-maid, laden with the spoil of the heavy-uddered kine, of even the foot-sore tramp,

trailing his weary steps through the cool grass, with a sense of thankfulness after the hot flinty road, were pleasant breaks in the monotony of her day, which she would have been sorry to lose. But however this might be, Mr. Ridgway, with that smooth implacability (which I knew so well), had never forgiven the obstinate resistance which the village had made to the infringement of their right. From that day Mr. Ridgway declined to do anything further for the poor, for the school, or for the church; he forbade his wife's going into the village; he cut off his establishment, as far as practicable, from all communication with his humbler neighbours, as he discouraged it with the richer ones, and all this he did deliberately, without heat, or visible expression of anger. The parish had tried conclusions with him, he said to the good vicar militant, who returned to the charge repeatedly; he, Mr. Ridgway, was a man of peace, and they had desired war; they had made their election—it was well; he had nothing more to say to them. And from this ultimatum nothing would move him.

What I had heard, both in the tap-room and from the landlord, gave me plenty to think of that night. I made up my mind that I would not leave the neighbourhood till I had seen and spoken to Assunta; but how was this to be managed? Mine host had given me to understand that, unless Mr. Ridgway was in the humour to receive company, the doors were shut against every visitor to his wife. I resolved to reconnoitre the ground before making any attempt, and early in the forenoon of the following day I started to walk across the park by the public path in question. On approaching the stately Italian palace, with its sky-line of marble balustrade, broken by busts and urns, I pulled my cap further over my face, and, disguising my gait with a stoop and a limp, I crept slowly past the angle of the house, in which was the window which had been described to me. On the other side of the path was a broad sheet of water, upon which this window consequently looked, and just beyond it came the great portico and flight of steps. The gardens, terraces, and fountains were all on the other side of the house. I looked up at the window, there was no one to be seen; I lingered, I looked back, and then I turned and walked past it again. At last I bethought me of my sketch-book, and, taking it out, I turned my back to the house, and facing the water, with the chestnut-wood behind

it, and the soft line of hills in the distance, I made a few random strokes, hoping that she I sought might be attracted presently to the window. I had not stood thus five minutes when I heard a step upon the gravel behind me, and, turning, I saw a powdered footman approaching. "It is all up now," I thought; "I am going to be warned that, though there is a right of way, there is no right of standing to sketch in front of the house." And I shut my book. Imagine my surprise when the servant thus addressed me:

"Mr. Ridgway has sent me to ask, sir, if your name is not Luttrell? If so, he hopes you will walk in."

I never felt more confused. Of course I acceded; but when I reflected upon my appearance, and remembered how I had limped and slouched, and that the lynx-eyed master here had detected me from his window under this masquerade, I confess I was ashamed of meeting him. My only course was boldness, and a statement of such portion of the truth as I could tell. My conductor led me through the great hall, with its marble pavement, and busts of the Roman emperors along the walls, into a small morning-room, hung entirely with rare engravings in narrow black frames. A table, with a Sèvres chocolate service on it, stood near the fire, and before it, sipping his breakfast, in a black quilted satin dressing-gown, stood the master of the house. The window, through which he had seen me, was in front of him, as he stood with his back to the fireplace, and to his right was a door leading into the library. He looked as young as ever, and, with that silver-electro-plated smile of his, held out two fingers, saying:

"Ben venuto, Signor Pittore. By a curious coincidence you were in my thoughts five minutes before I saw you out of the window. What brings you to our fens? Not a study of the picturesque, I imagine?"

"I am on a short walking tour, having left my heavy luggage at L. I was debating in my mind whether I could venture to present myself here, in this mendicant's guise, Mr. Ridgway, when——"

"Never mind, my dear sir. I hate explanations, don't you? They never explain anything. I am very glad to see you, no matter what may have brought you here—you are the very man I want. You have arrived very opportunely to give me a piece of advice; but, first, will you have some breakfast? There are lobster cut-

lets, and *pâté de foie gras*," said he, taking up a slip of paper on the breakfast tray, and then added with a laugh, "Not that I often eat anything myself at this hour, but their existence is thus notified to me."

I said I had breakfasted three hours since; and then I asked for Mrs. Ridgway. She was well, he replied, and reverted at once to the subject which was evidently uppermost in his mind. He had purchased a ceiling, by Giulio Romano, out of a palace at Genoa, and it had lately arrived at Hapsbury. It had received some damage in the transit. Whether to have it retouched and varnished before it was put up, or wait to see the effect when it was up, and how much restoration would be needed, were points on which he wished for professional advice. My careful studies for years in our National Gallery, and the attention I had bestowed upon such subjects, rendered me competent to give an opinion; and I followed Mr. Ridgway into the crimson saloon, where the canvas representing the Fall of Phaeton was stretched upon the floor. The result of the examination and discussion that ensued was all that I need here repeat. In my judgment, the less the picture was touched the better, and the very small amount of reparation requisite, I believed I could do myself, as well as, and without the risk of, its being subjected to another journey to London. Mr. Ridgway was delighted; it was just what he wished, and I, of course, very gladly acceded to his invitation to remain at Hapsbury until the work was completed. A dog-cart was sent over to L. for my things, and in the course of a couple of hours I found myself, to my astonishment, regularly installed in the house, to effect an entry into which, that morning, had seemed to me a matter of some difficulty. Still, I did not see its mistress. Mr. Ridgway remained with me, and conversed brilliantly, but he never alluded to his wife, and when at last I asked point blank if I might be allowed to pay my respects to Mrs. Ridgway, he only replied, "Oh, you will see her by-and-bye." In the course of conversation I ventured to say that I heard he led a very secluded life, rarely admitting visitors.

"Are you surprised that I do not choose to be bored by all the idiots of a neighbourhood like this, where there is not a man who cares for anything but riding after a wretched little animal, with a pack of hounds?" was his rejoinder. "I am glad to see any man of cultivation, other-

wise I prefer my own society, and that of my books. In them, I daily make acquaintances far pleasanter than any I find about here."

Not a word about his wife. I could not keep silence. "And Mrs. Ridgway. Does not she find it lonely without any society?"

"I do not understand any one but a fool feeling lonely," he said, in rather a freezing tone. "Mrs. Ridgway is a person of cultivation. She has her books and her music. The visits of a set of gossiping women could not—ought not—to be any pleasure to her. Silence is better for her than to listen to evil speaking, lying, and slandering, which is what the ladies of England indulge in during their morning visits."

After this it was clear to me that the gossip of the county was in some measure the cause (but in what way I could not then perceive) of the existing state of things at Hapsbury. Mr. Ridgway had gained all he had wanted; the county had flocked to his house; how could its idle tongues affect him now?

"Does Mrs. Ridgway take any interest in your poorer neighbours?" I asked, presently, anxious to elicit something from my host on this head.

"I have been obliged to interdict all that sentimental visiting of cottages which has lately come into fashion among fine ladies," was his reply. "The poor here are an ignorant, obstinate race. I have washed my hands of them some time ago. Any pettifogging lawyer, or low radical parson, who will talk to them of their rights, can twist them round his finger. As Butler says:

And what they're confidently told,
By no sense else can be control'd.

They were advised to resist me, and I hope they value the advice now," he added, with a smile. I said no more.

The day closed in, and the dressing-gong for dinner sounded. I hurried down to the Spanish drawing-room, that famed apartment hung with Cordova leather, and adorned with some of the masterpieces of Velasquez and Murillo, and there, as I had hoped, I found Assunta, and alone. But oh, how changed! Nothing remained of the Assunta whom I remembered but the eyes, and they were larger, more intense, than ever. Those burning orbs in their deep blue hollows, the shrunken cheek, the bloodless lips, all gave me the impression of some inward fire consuming the frail lamp that held it. Her fingers seemed almost transparent, as I took the hand she ex-

tended and pressed it respectfully to my lips. She was magnificently dressed in a velvet robe, trimmed with fur, after the fashion of that day, against which the yellow white of her face and hands came out in yet more ghastly contrast. She evidently knew of my being in the house, for she manifested no surprise at seeing me; she was very calm, very silent; but a faint smile flickered on her face as I took her hand, and then it died out to reappear no more. As to myself, I could not speak. Though I had looked forward to this meeting so long, though I knew I should find her sadly changed, the sight of her affected me so painfully that I dared not trust my own voice. It was she who broke the silence.

"I am glad to see you again. I never expected to do so. It seems a long, long time since we met—much longer than it really is."

"I have so often wished to hear from you," I at last found voice to say.

"Ah, I never write to any one now!"

"Not even to Lena?"

"Not even to Lena."

"And why not? Why cut yourself off from all communication with friends who love you so truly?"

She paused a moment or two, deliberating, as it seemed to me, whether she should give the real reason. Then she said quietly:

"Because I have nothing to tell."

There was a chilling silence.

"And Mrs. Fleming and the children—do you never hear from them?"

"They write when they want anything, and Mr. Ridgway sends it."

She said this impassively, without a touch of bitterness, or even of regret. It was as though the springs of feeling were all frozen; and I saw that it would take long to thaw them. Mr. Ridgway entered, his well-turned legs displayed in small-clothes and silk stockings, which were then still worn by a few men; fragrant, and polished as ivory and ebony from head to foot. I fancied that he gave a quick, penetrating glance at Assunta; but he came forward without any embarrassment of manner, and from that moment to the hour of our retiring to rest, he kept up a constant fire of anecdote and quotation, happily needing but little assistance from me. He never addressed his wife, except to ask what she would take (those were the good old days of carving at table), and unless I spoke to her she remained absolutely silent. I appealed to her for an opinion whenever it was possible, in the hope of drawing her

gradually into the conversation, but it was in vain; she sat there like a figure carved in stone, that by some mechanism is made to utter a monosyllable from time to time, and that is all. Nothing that was said awoke a smile, or any sign of interest on her face; and as soon as the dessert was set upon the table, she rose slowly and left the room. We sat late over our wine, for my host showed no inclination to return to the drawing-room, and I, who was impatient to return to Assunta, could not of course suggest a move. We found her sitting by the fire. I can see her now, the ruddy light upon her velvet dress, a fan of peacock's feathers in her hand, and the golden gloom of the Spanish leather background and richly carved frames. She did not turn her head, she did not move. There was something very terrible in this apathy. When the clock struck half-past ten she got up and took a small Roman lamp from the table. Then she held out her hand and turned towards the door. Mr. Ridgway gracefully sauntered up, and held it open for his wife.

"Good-night, Assunta."

"Good-night."

There was no kiss, no touch of any kind. She looked neither to the right nor to the left, but passed out, and the door closed behind her.

As soon as we were alone I observed a change in Mr. Ridgway. He was silent for certainly two or three minutes, passing his white hand to and fro across his chin, as he stared into the fire. Suddenly he looked up into my face, and with an expression upon his own so complicated that I found it impossible to read it, he said:

"You have not seen Mrs. Ridgway for some time. How do you think her looking?"

"Very ill. Sadly changed, if you ask me, Mr. Ridgway."

"Did she say anything to you before dinner?—before I came into the room?"

I returned his gaze steadily. "Very little."

"You observe that she is generally taciturn. But at times this is not the case. You are right, she is ill, Mr. Luttrell, and her malady is one which I fear is incurable. You are an old friend of hers, and you are now my guest for the next week at least. It is possible that in the course of that time Mrs. Ridgway may speak to you in a manner which renders it advisable that you should be prepared to receive what she says by a knowledge of her condition. Her

mind has lost its balance, and at moments she may be said to be absolutely insane."

I was speechless with horror and indignation. I did not believe what he said, though it at once flashed through my mind how plausible the tale might be made to look. I felt, however, the absolute necessity of mastering my emotion and concealing my real sentiments, if I wished to be of service to my unhappy friend; and, fortunately, I had sufficient self-command to let my face betray nothing. After a moment's pause, he continued:

"She has happily never needed restraint. She is free to do what she likes, subject to certain restrictions, especially in the matter of receiving visitors alone. Her hallucinations have been such, and her speech so wild at times, that some precaution of this kind was necessary. But the servants have no idea of the truth. It is looked upon as my eccentricity."

"What medical advice have you had?" I asked.

"Doctor L. came from London expressly, when my suspicions were first aroused. He said the case was not an uncommon one of monomania. He held out very little hope of recovery, but said that her state might continue like this for years."

Here was chapter and verse. I was a little staggered, but I knew a brother of Doctor L.'s, and I resolved to test, at all events, the truth of his alleged visit. I said presently: "Did Doctor L. think a life of such absolute seclusion good for a person in this sad condition?"

"She must, above all, be subjected to no excitement. I have occasionally a friend or two to stay with me, when she is generally much as you saw her to-night. The last large party I had was about a year ago. I found it did her more harm than good. She talked very wildly to one of the ladies, who happened to name that wretched sot, young Walbrooke. After that, I determined to have no more parties."

"Have you ever communicated with her—her friends?"

"She has no family, as you know. Mrs. Walbrooke has been abroad for the last three years. I wrote to that poor creature Mrs. Fleming, to say that Assunta was in a highly nervous state, and unable to see her, and that, I thought, was sufficient. A woman like Mrs. Fleming would do her infinitely more harm than good."

"I fear, from your report," I said, dryly, "that nothing can do Mrs. Ridgway any good. On what subject, may I ask, do you consider that she is a monomaniac?"

"Chiefly on the subject of myself; but everything relating to the past, to the time when she lived at the Grange, is sure to excite her. As your acquaintance with Mrs. Ridgway belongs to that date, Mr. Luttrell, I hope you will be cautious, in any intercourse you may have with her, not to refer to that time. I may rely on you?"

"Mr. Ridgway, you may rely on my doing nothing to injure my poor friend, in whose sad case I feel the deepest interest."

He talked for some time longer on the same topic, and in the same strain. There was no affectation of deep feeling; it was the dispassionate tone of a philosopher, who does his best, under existing circumstances, and has made up his mind to every eventuality. And then we parted for the night. To me, I need hardly say, it was a sleepless one. So wretched an evening as that I had never passed. I lay awake, revolving in my mind how I might arrive at the truth in this affair, and, if it were possible, help this dear, unhappy lady. And in the morning I wrote (and posted with my own hand) the following note:

Hapsbury, Lincolnshire, March 6th.

DEAR L.,—Do me a great favour. Ask your brother whether he came down to the above address, eighteen months ago, to give an opinion on Mrs. Ridgway's case, and (if it be no breach of professional etiquette) what did he consider her ailment to be at that time? You will confer a lasting obligation on me if you can send me answers to these questions by return of post.

Yours, ever most faithfully,

GEOFFREY LUTTRELL.

On the 16th of December,

A NEW SERIAL STORY will be commenced in
ALL THE YEAR ROUND,

To be continued from week to week until completed,
entitled THE

WICKED WOODS OF TOBEREEVIL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HESTER'S HISTORY."

On MONDAY, the 4th of DECEMBER,

WILL BE PUBLISHED THE

EXTRA DOUBLE NUMBER FOR
CHRISTMAS, 1871,

ENTITLED

SLAVES OF THE LAMP.

The Right of Translating Articles from ALL THE YEAR ROUND is reserved by the Authors.